BY THE SAME AUTHOR

FIRDAUSI IN EXILE, AND OTHER POEMS 1885

ON VIOL AND FLUTE

MR EDMIND GOSSE

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ON VIOL AND FLUTE



LONDON WILLIAM HEINEMANN 1916

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THE VI COUNTESS WOLSELFS AUDIOS AFREE FILE IS OF JETHES

Find room for this frost great to at ice s -This bone of fale of sysand or ires

Autourert o telle seasone Tratacureline for states at e A hite en frint or 'figitive

50 5° 9

To

PREFATOR\ AGTL

This pull-chain contains the hat the rather degree to pre-cree at such of his venes as were published, up to the very time or contain volumes, all of which we now

TROUSSISSIF, P. S.

out of pant. It is underton with the later volume, Fireform in Earth, and it is Frence.

The frontispiece was designed for this edition by L. Visia Tablesta, R.A., and the indexes by Hatio.

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216

THE WHITETHROAT

Last eve at twilight when the ward was dead,
And her sheel booton and her far smooth hend
Vibrated, reffling, and her often wang
Trambled So soft her song was that at seemed
As bounds in wandenne through the coase at noon.

I HE LAD the Whitethrost sing

She must have found the holy bough it here dreame to The day struck. Nightingals. And, listening must have overheard too soon. The dim rehearsal of that golden tale. That greets the Jaggard moon.

But through the maintuve strain
Between each gentle cadence, and again

When there clear notes she tried, for which her threat Was not so caroble as fain,

I joyed to hear her own preuliar note

Through all the music float.

And when the centle sone that streamed away Like some enamoused request that flows

Under a might of leaves and flowering may Died on the stress of its own lovely purp. Even as it thed owny.

It reemed us if no infinence could res tun-The notes from welling in the Whitethroat's brain

But with the last fami chords, on fluttering wing

She rose, until she nume in suppet our. A little way she rose, as if her care

Were all to reach the heaven., her endant goal,

Then sank among the leaves,

Pathetic turger! the no strangth to sing And wasted purposs for too weal to bear

The body's weight that man; the singing soul, In wild and der, see her bolom heaves !

Scarcely, with quivering plumes

Sle was the sparse bough of that tubp-tree,

Whose leaves unfinished upe I er fuilty song,

Whose myst c flowers her delicate must refsy But, harf 4 how her rich throat resumes

Its broken music, and if e garden blooms Around her, and the flower that wasted long,

The cast magnoha, made its receive hash,

And once to the dust.

Odour and song emond a fine day's deel no Ah ' rulsing lient of mine.

The playing here of mine,

The playing his man, the centre with

This pleasing harmoni, the gentle hight,
This soft and encryating breeze of flowers,
This magic naticelamber of the night

With florid tapasity of twilight hours

Is this coough for thee?

Lo I from the summer of the take tree

The enamoured Whitchroat namered "Yes I O Jes"

And once again, with pis ion and the stress

Of it oughts too tender and too and to be Eashered in any rectody the knew

THE WHITETHROAT

She rose into the air. And then, oppressed with pun too I een to bear,

Her last notes faded as she downward flew

And she was silent. But the mont came on , A whisper rose among the grast trees.

Between their quivering topmost boughs there shone The liquid depths of moonlight tinted air, By «low degrees

The darkness crept upon me unavare.

The enchanted silence of the hours of dew Fell like a mystic presence more and more,

Avang the senses Then I know. Put scarcely heard, thrailed through to the brain's core, The shrill first prelude of traumphant song,

Cleaving the twinght Ah we do tace wrong, Unequalled Philometa, while thy voice

We hear not, every gentle song and char erems v orthy of thre to our poor noonday choice

But v ben the true fierce masse, full of pure, And wounded men ory, and the tore austers Of antique passion, fills our hearts again,

We marvel at our light and fra olous car th! how they answer from the woodland glades ! How deep and rich the waves of music neur

On night's enchanted shore! From star ht allows where the elm tree shades

The hare's smooth leverets from the moon's distress, From pools all salvered o er.

Where water hads their netals now aid press. Vibrating with the song, and stir, and shed

Their immost perfume o'er their shiping bed, I ea, from each couse I hear a bird. At he a more than mortal use undone,

Since through the Phrygian forest Atys heard His wild compeers come flating one by one, Till all the silent unlands rang and rang

Sing, as no other creature ever sang,

Shivening with cap," said the lasts, " and we Shoot into our with our strong roung wings, Spirally up over level and lea; Come, O smallows, and By with the

"Out in the mendoy" the soung grass springs,

Not the horizon, are fuminous? Exercise and moreone the world of light, Spreading and kinching is infinite 4 8

Far an 1 by the sea in the south. The hill of olive and sloves of firm Wilden and glow to the sun's from drough. Linder the heavens that beam and hom and all it a swillows were or thered there

THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOWS

THE RESURT OF THE SHALLOWS

Fluting about in the fregrant art,

And heard no cound from the last s, has flex

Flushing under the blunding blue

Out of the dupths of their roft rich throats

Languelly flated the timbales, and said
"Museal thought in the mald or fleats,
Spring as coming and winter it dead
Come, O Shallons and stir the ear,
For the bods are all bursting new are
And Oh, drawing cases and the clim trees long
To hear the sound of your low swisel song "

Out the roofs of the white Alques,

That will shador up the height brance,
That will shallows, and not one henry
The call of the thrushes from Fir, from Fir,
Sughed the thrushes, then, all at once,
Broke out singing the old sweet tone,

Singing the bridal of sap and shoot, The tree's slow life between root and fruit But just when the dingles of April flowers Shine with the endied daffodils.

When, before suntrie, the cold clear nours Gleam with a promine that noos fulfils -

Deep in the leafage the cuel oo ened, Perched on a spray by a rivulet side,

Swallows, O Swallows, come buck again, To snoop, and herald the April run. And omething awoke in the slumbering heart

Of the then buds in their African pir. And they paused, and alsolved and twittered aport, And met as the broad white dreamy sounce.

And the sad slave women, who I feed up From the francis her broad boned earthen can Sud to herself, with a weary sight

'To morrow the evallous will northward fly !!

THE APOTHEOSIS OF ST DOROTHY

A VIID's varieting from the cut,
A main immershidly white,
I sturn holy dievan list night,
Who tode upon a milk white best,
Actors the woods her Judon fell,
And wrought a trange and altent spell,
And wrought a trange and altent spell,

It the firm set eyes, and changeless face,
She passed the cities one by one,
Her hair a is coloured like the win,
And shed a glory round the place,
Where er the coune, she was so fair,

That men fell down and worshipped there
In salent player

THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOWS

But just when the dangles of April flowers Share with the earliest daffodds.

When, before sunnse, the cold clear hours Cleam with a promise that noon fulfilly Deep in the leafage the cucl-oo cried,

Perched on a spray by a neulet side, Swallows, O Swallows, come back again, To swoop, and herald the April run

And something awoke in the slumbering heart Of the alien birds in their Afr can airi

And they paused, and alighted, and twittered apart, And met in the broad white dream, squire,

And the sad slave woman, who lifted up From the fountain her broad haped earthen cup Said to herself, with an eary s ph.

"To morrow the swallows will northward By 1"

THE APOTHEOSIS OF ST DOROTHY

A MADDLY wandering from the case,
A statt immaculately whee,
I saw in holy drawn last night,
Who rode upon a mill, white best,
Across the woods her shadow fell,
And wyought a stanger and salent spell,
And marcie

Across the woods her shadon, fell,
And wyought a strange and salent spell,
A muracle

With frap used one classes when your,
She pused the classes whe by one,
She hast a we coloured like the won
And shed a given worst the place;
Where or the curse, alte was no fix

That men fell down and worshipped there
In salent prayer

12

Ar I ever in her scred hands She bore a quantily curven pyx, Or corponine and sardonyx,

The wonder of those existent lands,
When me were land, preserved in myrth,
The guts of race and trunfer
She bore with her

And after mory days she came
To that high monantum where are built
The towers of Sarras, curved and gilt
had fashored like thin spices of filme
Then like a treveller coming home
She let her middened palifier room

And roward clomb

Saca welcome, stage the world have been

Oh then methought the turnets rang
With shooting joyoto multitudes,
And through the turnet in criticies
O chord hosts, if a played and song

To singer, prophetess or queen, Was never seen.

The golden gates were opened wade,
The cety scemed a lake of hight,
For chrysopers and chrysolate
Were a rought for wills on actyr side
Without the town was meet for war,
But inwardly each bolt and bur
Shone like a sign

Then while I wondered, all the sky
Above the city broke in hight,
And opined to my startled sight
The have as manutasurably high
A glorous effinence of air,
And shuang other pure an I rue
Dramely fair

And rising up maid the spires, I saw the autily maiden go

THE APOTHEOSIS OF ST DOROTH

In splendour lile new fellen snow,
That robs the sun rise of its fires,
So pure, so beautiful site wis,
And rose like vapoury clouds that pass
From dewy grass

Between her hands, the pyx of gold She held up like an offering sent To Him, who holds the firmament And made the starry world of old,

It glimmered like the golden star That shines on Christmas eve afar, Where shepherds are

And clouds of ungels, chor on chour, Bowed out of heaven to welcome her, And poured upon her mird and myrth, And bathed her ford end in white fire, And wated in air their gracious wings, And smote their landing viol strings

In choral mags

THE APOTHEOSIS OF ST DOROTH) But she, like one who swoons and sees,

A vision just before he dies, Rith quiscring lips and histories eyes Greed up the shining distances, But soon the angels fed her on

Greed up the shung distances,
But soon the angels led her on
Wacre fareer cloudy splendout shore,
And she was gone

And then a to ce critd — "This is the
Who through great tribultation trid
A thomy pathn ay up to God,
The of, seed virgin Dorothy
Still to the blasted Three in Onc
De glory bonous, unching don,
Denath the sain!

LYING IN THE GRASS

70 T H

Detween two golden tufts of summer grass,

I see the world through ho' sur a, through glas,

And by my face sweet lights and colours pass

Before me, durk neminst the finding sk),

I watch three mowers moving, as I lie
With brawny arms they sweep in harmony
Erown English faces by the can bornt red,

Rich gloving colour on bare throat and head, My heart would leap to watch them, were I dead

And in my strong young hving as I pe,
I seem to move with them in harmonly,—
A fourth is moving, and the fourth on I

The must, of the septhes that glide and leap,

The young men whishing as their great areas sweep

And not the performs and sweet sense of sleep,

The wear insterface that droop their wings,

The drawn nightingue that hardly sings,
And all the invitede of happy things,

Is much so with the alarm and ruleurs blood

as in agong with the name need puring proof That gustes through my verse a langued flood and fields toy spirit in the same buil

Behind the reason, on the amber on,

A dust green beech wood trees, still and for

A white both wording up at blee a start

And see that got, a sh puther on his had, And clean white apons on his gover of red.—

Her even song of love is but half sank

She wasts the young at mover. Now he goes, Her checks are milder than a wild blush zos., They clamb up where the deeptst shodows at se-

LYING IN THE GRASS

16

But though they pass and vanish, I am there, I watch his rough hunds meet beneath her hair,

Their broken speech sounds sweet to me like prayer

Ah! now the row children come to play.

And comp and struggle with the new mown key.

Their clear high verces sound from for away.

They know so Little why the world is sad,

They dig themselves warm graves and yet are glad.

Their multiid screams and leachter make me mid!

I long to go and play among them there.
Unseen, like wind, to take them by the hair,

And gently make their rely cheeks more fair

The happy children I foll of frank surprise,

The happy children I foll of frank surprise, And sudden whines and innocent cestasies, What godhead spaukles from their highed eyes t

What godhead sprubles from their liquid eyes t Ao wonder round those urns of mingled clays. That Tuscan potters fashroned in old days, And coloured life the torrid earth ablaze, We find the latte gods and loves portrayed,

flavoigh around forests a undering understanced,

And fluing, by this of piersure unafferd.

They kneed to I do not a, what I can delight.

A strong man feels to watch the tender Right.

Of little children playing ir his vight.

I do not hunger for a well sto od minu.

I only wish to live my life, and find My heart in um on with "Il mankind

My life is take the single decry star.

That tri moles on the horizon's prime c large.

A microco in where all things living the

And if, among the noisele's grasses, Death Should come behind and take a vay on he ath, I should not the as one who symmetries,

For I should per, but all the world would be Full or desire, and young delight and plet, And way should men be sad through loss of me.²

LalvG IV THE + P 455

p

The light r synng in the silver blue The young moon shines from her bright window through

The mo ers are all gone and I go too

FORTUNATE LOVE

IN SONNETS AND RONDILS 1

FIRST SIGHT WHEN first we met the nother world was white And on the steel blue see before her bower

I skated in the suprise for an hour. fill all the grey horizon, gulphed in light

Was red against the bare boughs black at night , Then suddenly her sweet fam, hi e a flover, Luclosed in sables from the frost's dim i ower,

Shone at her easement, and flushed be roung bright

When first we met 7 My skating being done I loitered home, And so whit that day to lose her face again

FORTU VATE LOVE

Put Love was weaving in his golden from VI3 stors up with here and all in vain

I stro e to loose the threads I e span amain

When first we tack

п

ELATION

Line to some dramming and surverdify child Who nit at amost in the model of loops When ill the windows of the west be ope, Flooding the are with splendoor undeffield, but seen, by fun-y in a trance beguled, an angel most the periform burning slope, Winning the cost and the supplure contional register for very psy and, germany wild, — St. in a whose sucheming spint Line Roles unmovied not be controlled, Am happenst when I struggle mst, bet, had why vendous count and ms heart whose.

Watching with soul not boxed nor over hold, The stately air with which his footsteps more

πı

IN CHURCH TIME

I took to, flate among the printose:

That fined the hill along the brown church vall,

I or she was there, all shades began to fell,

I ped my songs out the a bard at ease,

When variently, the distant harmon

Can vil, and the same, and purel layon I result,

And I of time throbiang, here and tipe and all

to I and bed from the stated expects trees,

she was that notion of I receivant limbs

The call at Bi, beaut, at the time family

O'there is my dear on the layon of it was

I'm in a way here to be ally any if it was

I'm in a way here to be ally any if it was

I'm in a way here to be ally any if it was

I'm in a layon here. Be and it is any

71

DEJECTION AND DELAY

CANST thou not want for Love one flying hour, O heart of little futh? are fields not green Because their rolling bounts is not seen? Will herety not return vish the nev flower? Because the tird sun seeks the deep sea bower Where sleep and Tethys tenderly convene, While purple most unfurly her starry screen Shall suplicht no more thall the world with power? True Love is prinent ever, by the brooks He hath his winter-dreams, a fluent choir And y note for summer to re me again. He I nows that by and by the woodland nooks Will overfow with blossoming green fire, And swooping stanlows herald the worm ram

EXPECTATION

Witt a flower time comes and all the woods are gy,

When himses charge and the soft winds blow, Adon the warding rice I will row, And witch the merry madeas tosting hay, And troops of children shouting in their plan, And with my thin arts flott the faller show

Of heavy haw thom blossom as I go, And shall I see my love at full of day When flower time comes?

Ah, 3. If ally the harder of the stream

Shall may foliate the stream alone,
And I may foliate her structured form

Of majorape all termony, even seem

Less parallale way and of love.

Westernne t

۱ı

IN THE GRASS

Util 1 forme of greets, thot upward from the earth, Acts with a thousand questing smalle fires, Green with the top of a triffield desires and waved infiliment of your sad pite brith, Behold 1 I clupy you as a locat might, Roll on you, bathrag in the poon day sun, And, if it might be, I would from be one With all your obest. The side of the life of the Util all your obest. The side of the life of the Util all your obest. The side of the life of the Util all your obest. The side of the life of the Util all your obest. The side of Util your obest. The side of

For here, to chasses my intensity gloom,
My haly how my hrud was spoke as mane.
The sun was on her gold hare he as flower.
The days was distributed the fact and he confirms.
The days a challend of the feet, after come,
As bying course scattering measure on your bloom.

Oh finne of grass

Oh flame of gross!

VП

RESERVATION Has terrice leoking down upon the lal c

Has corners where the deepest shadows are And there we sat to watch the evening ctor, And to a but melody our lates can male, Our retreent heurs with longing almost breat, The while her element even strug out wire Ar though her roul would seel, the atmost har Where falterm seen et musers, fint e be fint e. Is forch all p to wrapst the I thistrate. We en a afte a bet rade Ad, no charge a Are for both remail the moon ball to -1 strain resolution - and another Trans ed di miel prismi. artellier after hickeriden

VIII

RY THE WELL

Hor hands that yearn to touch her flower like face

With fingers spread, I set you hi e a weir

To stem this ice cold stream in its circust —

To stem this see cold stream in its circle —

And chill your pulses there a little space,

Brown hands, what right have you to claim the grace

To touch her head so infinitely dear?

Leve courseously to wast and to revero Lest haply we be found in sorry case

Hot hands that years t

I ut if ye bring her flowers at my behest

And hold her crystal water from the well

And bend a hough for shade when she vill rest,

And if she find you fun and teachable

That flower like face perchance on who can tell?

In your embrace may some sweet day be pressed

Hot hands that seem !

r_

THE P. Is like a farmal come by.

MAF D4F

The Funce ones Release the release guests in a sense weng gue to build do not and retain some suggests and in a set of sign at the forest was a sense to real terms at contact of the forest and any property of the forest and the for

Transfer of the anti-

7

The fourtam flashed at cryst I to the war, The near life of noon was just begun, And happy men forgot that life was short We to ostood, hardness at the forcet name

MISTRUST THE percent accepted and strated in the court

When some Apollo of the ranks of Murs,
Common with planes and glittings his the strat
fulloged across below, and there deen e.m.
To cos so confident a new stram.
My levit and subschifting from out to shade,
Est at c, who knows the heast of Love valuting
Laid one soft hand upon my throboung wrist,
And in his reject read the choice she in vie,
And unger simplered like a tried child known

V

Within Mry now ment in the leafy trees,
I found my fair one sitting all alone,

EAVESDROPPING

Where round our wall the long light ferm the grown to high to deep, that she has decound in these, that he ruled be therefore perced above them, where the tat and real. If the day high level fights a secure to creat, by specially it have been a property of the first part of the first percentage. We are not offered by the first percentage where the first high offered percentage. At 15 for 1 and 1 and

At 1 Red & addl setals, for learner

λII

A GARDEN PIECE

AMONG the flowers of summer time shestood And un lementh the films and blossoms shone Her face, life some pomegranate strongely grown To ripe magnificence in solitude,

The wanton winds, deft v hisperers had strewed Her shoulders with her shining hair outblown And dyed her breast with many a changing tone Of silvers green, and all the hues that broad

Among the flowers. She rused her arm up for her dove to know That he might preen him on her lovely head Then I, unseen, and using on tip toe, Boy ed over the rose barrier, and lo

Touched not her arm, but Lessed her lip, instead, Among the flowers !

FOR SE ATE LOSE

ХIII

CONTIDENT LOVE

λIV

BESIDE the stream and in the alder shade, Lore out with us one dreamy afternoon,

LOVER'S QUARREL

When nightingles and rose made up Jame, And as with red light and the staber fide. Under the except the willows made, And matched the range of the hellow assess And instead to the water's getatle timer had was assistent as size and, weet mand. Brade the serious, "Brade the serious," Till with "Faccetti" i. he was ched from our orght And in the movalight down the glade offer. His light wings planmered like a falling star Then ah i she took, the left path, if the right, And now no more we at by room or night.

Res de the stream !

34

1.0

RECONCILIATION Rut wandering on the moors at dawn of day,

When all the sky was flashed with rosy line,
I naw her's lite robe dabbled in the dow,
Among the spart ling heather where the lay,
Sobb mg, a're turned from me, and mammeral ' No.'
Then mang from the ground she store crow

To turn away, but could not stay, and flow at Last 10 my arras the old avect way. In a Love, that we chard as eter from a far, came fution right open at the and enod 10 ye. Who think to 73, 3 common this from me Lot 1 are with you after sew you are "Yet her efforth are west and a fair not three,

The of Long on our fine trails IT a ne ar

WI

THE FEAR OF DEATH I stood and made as abough I would have sung,

Beneath her window in the cool, calm night

Being full of life and confident and 3 outig, And dreaming only of my love's debaht . Then suddenly I gow the gloom de ide, And oliding from the darkest cyntess tree.

Death cume, white boned, and snatcht my lute from me. And are houself, emposing, he my side

Just then, is when the golden moon looks down On stariess waters from a story sky,

My love a fear face shone out above on high Whereat I, fearns nothing of Death's from a,

Turned smaling to value her levels bead, And when I turned again, lo ! Death and fled !

x v II

EXPERIENCE

DEER in the woods we walked at break of day,
And just beyond a whisper ng avenue,
Where all the flowers were nodding full of dew,

We heard a sound of speaking for away ,

And turning saw a pule calm open assay

To tell that Love was ernel and untrue,

To knot, of girls in white robes and in blue,

Who round her feet, while listening (ounged and la);

Deep in the woods

But we two crushed the moss with silent feet,
And passed under unseen for what to us,

Who knew Loves breath, and fanned its passionate heat And laughed to hear our hearts' turn pulses heat,

nd laughed to hear our hearts' two pulses beat,
Were tuneless songs of mandens marmoring thus

Deep in the Woods?

×110

THE EXCHANGE

LAST night, while I was sitting by her side, And historing to her bodice siden stir.

And stroking her soft sirves of yellow far,

I give the sweet who is to be my bride

Attitle other watergreate, stare eyed,

And chased with rupals and received from her

Elite grid embased postnoider due of snyrinh

She postnoed her white hands, with at conside

My sleep till dawn was all consumed with thirst,

And parmonate longing, then the great sun's light

Bent through my famny decease, and cothing tells

Of all the ny that rehablesced and ast mobil.

Everyt this little golden box that smells

As her sweet bands did when T.L. and them hast

N.

UNDER THE APPLETRIE

Beneath the summer fruitnge of a tree Whose boughs last spring had borne for her and me The fleeting blossom of a doubtful day That rose and white had tas ed on it decay And now the swelling fruits of certainly Hung there like pale green lamps and far to see

Acuts ther breast I set my head and ity

And I was strong to dream the hours away Against her breast

Her sature rus led underneath my head Stirred by the motions of her perfect heart But she was silent till at last she said -While all her countenance finshed row red -

Dear love oh! stay forever where thou art Against my breast 1

λì

EPITHALAMIUM Hit is in the organ loft, with libed bur,

Pouncy forth muse his the scent of fruit,
And turning all the scene laden ur,
We knell before the aliers gold rul, where
The priest stood robed, with chahce and palm shoot,
With muse men, who hore civile and lite,
Behind is, and the altendant vergine fur,
Behind is, and the altendant vergine fur,
Our druin to sudden sun, and all the while
The light worsel chaldrant trelified clear and cotif,
The censer boys went sunging down the saile
And far abore, with fangers strong and sure

I ove closed our lives' traumphant overture

I are plied the pearls with his snowy foot,

THE MENAD'S GRAVE

THE cut who once, on Ladian heights, Around the sacred proves of pines Would dance through whole tempestuous nights When no moon shines. Whose pipe of letus featly blown

Gave airs as shrill as Cotys own.

The wane fed bowl of willow bark,

With siver in-

Agr sank, nor ceased but shouted still

Like some wild wind from hill to hill. She lies at last where poplars wave Their sad gray foliage all day long.

Who, growned with bods of ivy dark, Three times drained deep vith amorous lips

The rever murmurs near her grave

A soothing song ,

Furewell, it soith 1 Her days have done With shouting at the set of sun

A YEAR Witth the hot wasp hung in the grape last year.

And tendrils withered and leaves grew sere,
There was little to hope and nothing to fear
And the smouldering automn saik, apace,
And my beart was hollow and cold and drear

When the last gray moth that November brings Had folded its sallow and sombre wings, Lake the tunders roice of a child that sings, A music arose in that desolvte place, A broken misse of bonekis things

Eut time went by with the month of snows.

And the pulse and tide of that muse rose,

As a pain that fedes is a pleasure that grows,

So hope sprang up with a heart of grace,

And love as a crossis built that blows.

And now I know when next autumn has dired

The sweet hot purce to the grape skin s side, And the new wasps dart where the old ones died,

My heart will have rest in one luminous face, And its longing and yearning be satisfied

THE ALMOND TREE

Pure soul, who in God's high walled Paradise Dost walk in all the whiteness of new birth,

And hear at the angels' shall antiphonies. Which are to heaven what time is to the earth.

Give ear to one to whom in days of old

Thou gavest tears for sorrow, smales for muth,

And all the passion one poor heart could hold !

When last I strove to win you to my will, The "rigels drowned my plending in a psalm", But now, sweet heart, there is no fear of this, For I am quet, therefore let the balm Of thy light breath be on me in a kissa

Behold, O Love ! to day bow hushed and still

My heart as, and my kps and hands are calm,

Alas I dream agua! All this is o er t

See, I had down into our garden close, From your old easement still where once you were

from your old casement sill where once you wore
The my for a garland on your brows,
There is no amerianth, no consecurate here.

But can your heart forget the Christmas rose,
The crocuses and snow drops once so dear?

But these, like our old love are all gone by,
And now the violets round the apple roots

Glummer and jonquils in the deep grass he,

And fruit trees thicken into pale green shoots,

Thy garth, that put on mourning for the death,

Is comforted, and to the sound of lutes

Dances with spring, a ministrel of leight breath

manera arm about a timbrio or rulin more

But I am not yet comforted O Love!

Does not the aureole blind thy gentle eyes?

That ennison robe of thine the vingins were

Transmils thy footsteps with its drupenes,

Else then would'st see, would st come to me, if even

16

The Cherubian withstood with trumpet circs,

And barred with steel the joinedled gates of heaven?

In vair, in vair, 1 Lo 1 on this first spring morn,
For all my words, my heart is nearer rest,
And though my life, through loss of thee is worn
To saddest memory by a linef dram blast,

I would not man one moment of thy blas

To clasp again thy bright and heaving breast,

Or fade into the frigrance of thy kiss

Yet would an hour on earth with me be pain?

A greater boon than this of old was ron

Ly her, who through the fair Siethan plain

Sought her lost doughter, the delicrous one,

With teats and rending of the flowery hair,

And same so defily underneath the sun.

And sang so defily underneath the sun,

That Hell was well migh vanquished by her prayer

Had, golden ray of God's most blessed light?

Had, sunbeam, breaking from the faint March sky.

What may vision roolls upon my sight?

What glory opens where the flashes die?

Surely she comes to me on earth, and stands

Among the flowerless hugering trees that sigh Around her, and she stretches forth her hands

Her bands she stretches forth, her speal oth not.
And all the bloom and effluence round has no

That crown her heavenly saintship with 20 spot.

Vittself the faces: Sower in Prizative.

Draw near and speak to me, O Love, in grace, And let me don't the beauty of three coes

And let me dant the beauty of three eyes had learn of God by gazing in thy fac-

Tempt not my passion with such language feet,

M; transling throat and struned whate tips are name.

Through black twines boughs I see thy body, sweet!

Robed in rose while, thou standest calm and doub!

O's heart of my desire, so wore delay,

Yet nearer in thy cloudy glory come,
Yet nearer, or in glory fade away !

Fade then, sweet wis on I full. Oh perfect dream?

There is no need of words of human speech.

And the bland eastery of thought I deem.

A lotter joy than avertal sense can reach,

No more, we flowers of Sonne, shall me dull song.

Be heavy to your ears, but, each to each,

Mr love and I hold converse and he strong

My love and I hold converse and be strong

The mystic splendour pures away, and leaves
Its funter shulow in the almond tree,
Whose cloud of bloom white blossom earliest cleaves

The waste man void of earth a sterility

Before the troop of lyne Dryades,

Before the troop of lyne Deyades, Veiled, blashing as a bride it comes, and see Spring leaps to less it, glowing in the breeze

While life shall bring with each revolving year Its water wass and its mastery Tais for remembrance of the san shall bring

My thoughts of Lord to usen in memory,

Old hopes shall blossom with the nest wind's breath, and for Her sale the almond bloom shall be

The white frage on the velvet pull of death

ON DARTHOOR

TO J 4 B

1

Warm tastic of refulgent vapour fills

The valley southward to the harrying stream,

Whose vithered and san wasted waters gleam Meandering downwards through the terraced hills. Here, even here, the hand of man fulfils

Its daily toil, for though alone I seem
I hear the changour of a far off 'cam,

And men that shout above the shouting rills ,

Not just this noise of labour on raine car,

Not seem, because of these, the spirits less near

Not seem, because of these, the spirits less no That anumate the mountains and the skies, The self same heart of nature shareth clear

The self same heart of nature shareth clear Through filmy gamments of a golden sphere And carnest looks of humble human eyes

A soft gray line of hoze subdues the west

That was so rosy half an hour neo.

The mouning night brieze just begins to blow, And now the term that ploughed the mountains breast

Cease their long toil, and dream of home and rest .

Now grant like, the tall young ploughmen co

Between me and the sunset, footing slow .

My spirit, as an uniquited guest.

Goes with them, wondering what desire, what um, May stir their hearts and mine with common flame

Or, thoughtless, do their hands suffice their soul? I I now not, care not, for I diem no shame

To hold men, flowers, and trues and stars the same.

Myself, as these, one atom in the whole

THE TOWN OF SOPHOCLES

A BOUNDING SATUR golden in the beard, That leaps vith cost feet high may the air. And crushes from the theme an odour rare, keeps watch around the marble tomb revered

Whose mighty voice once called out of her lair The Doman near cevere, with braided hair, Who leved the thyrus and w.ld dances we rd

Here all day long the pions bees can pour L'bauen, of their hone, , round this tomb

The Dionysiae my lores to rozen The setyr langus, but He arrakes no more, Wrapped up in silence at the grave's cold core Nor sees the sun wheel round in the white dome.

Of Sophocies, the poet loved and feared,

WHEN Roman fields are red with exclamen, And in the prince gardens you may find,

Under creat leaves and sheltering briony bind, Clusters of cream white violets, O then

The numed city of immortal men-

Must smile, a little to her fate resigned,

And through her corridors the slow warm wind Guth harmonies beyond a mortal I eo Such soft Pavonian airs upon a flute, Such shadowy centers burning live perfume, Shall lead the mystic city to her tomb . Nor flowerless springs nor naturnas without fruit, Acr summer mornings when the winds are mute, Trouble her soul tall Rome be no more Rome.

FEBRUARY IN ROME

GREECE AND ENGLAND

Would this sanshine be completer. Or these violets smed sweeter.

Or the birds sing more in metre,

If it all were years ago,

When the melted monoton snow

Heard in Enga all the was

Of the poor fortors Demeter?

Would a stronger life pulse o'er us

If a parther charget hore us. If we saw, enthroned before us. Ride the leopard footed god. With a fir-cone top the rod What the thyrsus round, and nod To a drunken M-enad cherus?

**

Biographic flore notice, redder roses

All of Supplier where reposes

hickager, but to sleep

By the olive guilled deep?

When, the Syrun maidens ween,

Linging supplet in pones?

Ah I at may be I Greece had lessure For a world of fided pleasure, We must trend a times measure.

To a notice, bornel er ign.,

We must lead a pries fite,

Let, less pechane on the pare,

Be content with moorer treasure a

Were the brown hunbed lovers bolder?

Venus younger, Capid older?

Down the wood nymphs warm white shoulder

Down the wood symples aron who Traded a purpler, under mac?

Were the paste more donne?

S GREECE AND ENGLAND

Brev we no such golden was: Here, where summer such one colder?

S et for us too bile had flowers,

Time a glass of 1950th hours
Interchange of sun and showers
And a venith of leafs glader,
Meant for loying men and maids,

Meant for loving men and maids, Full of warm green lights and shades, Trells work of wild wood bowers

No ville English tuns are I coping Count of swing time and reaping, We we no need to waste our weeping.

Though the glad Greeks toraged at case. Underwath their olive trees, And the Sophoelem bees

Swammed on hips of ports sleeping 1

THE BURDEN OF DELIGHT

Remember how the number through,

It has all the now ness thoked with mire,

Half maddened with the rain, we two
Ifave nestled closer round the fire,
And trilled of all that should be done
When April broggest us took, the soo,

What garden, where with butterfires,

What soft given nooks of budded benther,"
What secrimide open to the slute
"to o would score together!
And now the month comes round span"
Cool interchange of geni al houn.
Soft gleans of smalpha, streams of run,

Have started the me adon lands with flowers, and in the curbent, on the bills.

THE CURDET OF DELIGHT The grass is gold with deffodile,

4

And ve have vandened head we hand,

Where see below and sky above

Seem narrowing to a strip of land

The puthway that we love

Out path looks out on the wide eea,
And knows not of the land, we sat
For house in islent resene,
To watch the sea and pulse with it.
Its deep morologous referm

Its deep monotona exercia.

Brings metaneholy, almost pain ,
"Ve searcely with to speal or more,
But just to feel each other those,
And sense of presence is like love,
And selnce more than prayer

Sharp round the steep hill a number line
It winds, and, just below, the grass
Sunks with insultions incline

To where the rock pools share like glass ,

Of see used on this ragged hill,

And all the herbage, tossed and blown,

Is structed with sail and crushed with wind,

Is struct with sait and crushed with wind, have where, belied some boulder stone, A harbour flowers may find

The bright sea sport less, semb-ant Lussed, And o'er als feet such breezer float. As lightly him to amethyst. The print gray of a rang done's throat, Thus wireed and ruffled, there area, The rethrat plans of changeng have, So gooth, that the eye draines. No reason why the foom should fall So brookly, a such series and parts.

Against the dark rock will

The wind is low now, even here

Where all the breases congregate,

The softest warbler need not fear

To have y a t do 7 mate

s

a dhr wa revea hare to god to be

or sung come and pro-divining

Volodic and one or best.

This chair to me

for colour flows a ferr light forces perfect everywhere, Person to treath a out and a

Through dreaty bases a more and so The hope of the companion of the to We have the maps of the companion.

O nature come an Jur fire
The value in bugh word heart from death
Touche, our desire

cugton i see en or speri

Which outliers to be blues.

Prochance my pulsus are too work

To stir with all this sweet excess,

Perhaps the solden spring has come Tor soon, and form this sour! dumb,

How, er it be, my heart would,

No echo suss unlina me brain, To me, too suddenly groun old,

This benuty speaks in vain

Wh, are you sken'? Lo! to-day

I can not not the old neces way,

Absorbed roptomed and serence,

I cannot feel my beart rejerce.

I crave the comfort of your voice,

Speak! * "peak, removed one of the past,

Let my specit embers at your Tre Pers and tridle, till rather

Delight surpress design.

Still are you whent, only press

My hand, and hum your free anay?

Another day its free will be

No less refuleent, no less for.

And we by eastorn be made strong

To bear what we desired so long, To day the slick ening nerves demand A milder light, a staduer nur. Some corner of furgotten land Still wanter like and bare Come, leave our foot path for to-day, and, turping inland, seek the words Where Inst year's sombit, leaves doesn't In brown sonorous soutudes. The marmaton voice of those dark trees Shall teach us more than sun or seas. And in that tailight we may find Some golden flo yes of strange performs. A blossom hidden from the wind. A flame within the tomb

THE VANDRAKES

A Stray or Greenge

From And west, must then fire he sees Object. To execute her bon function. The weeds we get meet both and brace. By the braces her and there is not. Hall call with bracker. To this grove. We have the new me.

Collects See many Jose
Obsert You's half have cred so it your you's
Why Clay to so also ease, her Trith
Sojumed ---, you when you up t
Y's a year is potent comment.

Dt > Parlament of Bus ton

Santon on a Accord

William or in dream, Or whether in the circle of known lands

I wall ed. I cannot tell. the crested stream

Of the great waters breaking on the sands

The far brown moons, the gulls in white winged bands

Seem too elerr coloured on my memory. To be the ghosts of my phantesy

Along the savep of an untredden buy,
Towards a great fervilland that before me rose,
Full mernly I held my some way
And an that whouspleved feptod, and accows,
And pure blue fire of air and sen, the noes
Of mornly and they putful derguar
Section design to so, plaid somet word of care

The long bluff row reguest the sex, and thrust
Its stomp proof berom far usto the deep,
And mong a levelar, mong a rozoneg gest
Disturbed the calm of its primeral sleep,
Through the gear visiter transplet, where old creep
In wrarthy terfol, or sall Magheel gums,
A tol on where the uncomb'd sex wand did pass

So even in the bright and pure June air The place seemed vestured in unboly guise The fore-liness was like a pain to beer,

I sought about with stringely troubled eyes,

For bard or flower to glad use in some wise,

In vain, then is the utmost verge I stayed

Where he because the referent thurders wared

Ther as I groud upon the precipice,

Drinking the sanlight and sharp at like wine.

I heard, or thought I heard, a marmer twice.

I neard, or thought I neard, a marmer twice— Tirst, like a fix off shineking, clear and fine. Then like an opinious shouting for a night fo careless boundarn steering o'er the rim. Of rocks—but both belind me and both dim.

But even while, not turning, in my mind

I thought how very lonely the place was,—
The rushing of the steedlast wangs of wind

The reading of the alerthist wages of wind Being empty of all common sounds that pass. The song of burds, or aghing in the grass,— Then vaddinly a houl to read the shies

From the hare land behind me seemed to use

And while my skin was wriakled with affinght,
I noticed far and far a viy, an isle,
With function waves of jugged pole blue light
Slint the horizon had not seen crewhile,—

This in a flash of thought, such rights begin of Our hearts in wildest moments, and we know

Not clearly after how it could be so

But in second, en, the long shrink died,
I turned to see whence come this note of wice,
And marked on the down's topmost hellow vide
One lonely serawing gnaded tree that dil grow,
Colling its leafless brunches stimet and low,
Midmot the promontory, buther I

Drawn by some hate spell felt my way did he

It was a shameful tree, the tassted purn

Of its sail boughs and sternle hollow stern

Took fearful forms of things that are man a bun.,

And circling drops of cozzage did begom

It, it igs with a duli possenous anatom ,

It had no bright to ng leaves to tell of Spring Nor clustering mess that hallowed clid doth bring

£C.

And at us foot were forms that had no shape, Unmoving creatures trusted life the tree, With horrd wooden frees set agape And bothes haired in the carth, to see Such from features mealed termbly Seat all the life blood sugger to my heart,

And more on a breath was ready to depart,

When one mort awint waage beat the roots

That were its 1 ws, and monaing slowly spake, "O mortal, what assemblage of soft links
Rings now across the salvery waves that break

Along the city, where the studens male
In termitous calm lines of cunset fire
A magic image of each dome and spare?

He questioned thus in strained voluptions tones, His ladeous feet deep in the ground vere eet, His body fushioned without slam or bones.

Was his the mystic figure of smooth jet.

Egyption priests were in an annulat,

What time they mourned Osms, like a shrick

His pained voice ended sharply, forced and weak

Then when I mass ered nothing, once again
He spoke —" in what the sum of the blest,
Lupped in sweet airs, forgetful of all pain,
I ulfilling an eternity of rest,

Lies Titum, of all painters loved the best? Oh! say, in any had where you have been, Heard you of him and not of Arctine?"

"O matchless painter of the noble heart!

Dear friend I loved long centraries ago!

Lean from that golden chember where thou are,
Above the sun and moon, and lighten so
The utter, endless agony of won

That fills my wreiched being, doorned for ayo Rooted in this fool living grave to stay

THE I VDF 47 ES

Ah mortal listen! I was orce a child
Into whose brain God pointed the my the run
Full of pure odour fragmace medefiled —
Kein drink to make a poet all di tim
I took the geft men called me Aretine

all that was pure and poet like I spurned, and to hell fire for inspiration turned

God safered long with me and let the fire Of pourse to youth burn to the a.h of ago Suying to the ingels "Surely when deane Is eastly within him his time heritage. Will seem more precious to him and the page Of the great book shift in the end record

Yet I still rappose barned before my God
The ranged oil of hypocrine prayer,
ha with unsangulard medifortices trod
Those shador's presencts where the mely a r
Is has y with the sound of hymne and rare

Some prayer, some love, some tender spoken word

High spirit breathings fill the soletim place. Where God meets man, in silence, face to face?

I stood beneath the tree now, all the ground Was full of three grass dandons of small and, And all in some was shamefully were bound Into the earth, but no two could I find In which the sume quant slayes were interfained. But each was herman, yet each had the feature. Of your may show the conditions are they

Oh how the exim record us, and the light

Of pare conflow a thirt, full of son,

You's with contrast with the shameful hight

Of these foul nature. * How I looked upon

Was hit ean old arm atterfy undone,

With white tim looks, that blever shout has eye.

Let egresses yound a stamp when summer due

Fear held my tongue, I trembled hi e the leaves That quarer when the gradual autumn fulls 72

The forest, fell of flower, funerals, —
And all the windy places have their pulls
Of yellow leafage, till the noiseless snow
Miffles the rushing of this custy we

At last Tuurmared, "Camet reat or death
Forerer van this pide place of ionide?
And ceased, for, id is the sound of a sharp breath
That from the drawn throat of one dying comes,
Whose heart the Master of all breath benimbs,
An axis rang voce axis, whose calm intense,
Sad miss wo my ear with that o associate

"Not rervan, gathered when the dog star rose, Not agrimony, esphanes, or rue Not stay herb can bring our pain cepose, And any posson made our numbers, few, For ever our own agonus scare. Our wasted bodies still to suffer pain,

To suffer pine, renew, and pine again

Ah turn away I behold me not I those eyes Burn me like lightning with a searing shame Gaze not upon these ghastly infamres,

That must deform me worse thru maintee or iame,

The ribald children scoff at for their game,

Ah! in white joined was I dended and sung.
Through the worm Tuscan mights, when life was joining.
'These gray and shren! en fingers once were little.

And meet for all most dumy hands or ,
Whether a punted coffer for a blitbe
Far bruke, or for the Caliph or Grand Turl
A golden chibes, where red wine might led.
Golds' unforbatter, or for monks sin eyes,—
Worked in distemper,—bell and paradire

Ay no. 1 what lovely funces I have wrought In closters, or along a church's wall Where in a high fenced gruden rangels taught Our Lad, at her bulp's feet to full There, with his Jers, went Peter's, there stood Paul With long brown beard, and leant upon his sword; And all the virgini, singing, praced the Lond-

"But, best of all, I loved to stand and pain"

His free was doubled when the Lord arone,—
Andrew, my ever blessed patron sount

Bearing as mighty cross, and worn with 1 00%,
Am printy sore from ear mainted blows,—
His pelanotate, jedions, loring, hating beart
Sommel every with my very confumpant.

"He f. in gloty row, and walls and sings With same who side his rough brown hand in their ind sees the angels silver-posted wings! Eat I conside the rooms—y with my propert, And in main time best time or any

My soul was downed to angush so interior

'If one man's art can be and her's here,—
If half the cristic frame of russ the goal,—

With my shall pame, hearden for what offered

If thinkers weave out holy thoughts in your, Which bless the world and run their own soul .-If bitterness and language be our dale.--Why do we seed, so greedily, at all Laurel to potton our own brows withal?

All this is only vanity, but, lo ! For weary years I slowly fought my way High up the hill of fame and should I go Right swill down again at fall of day, Because this Domenic, this popular, Could trick a wall out with a newer brush. And after him all men began to rush?

"When I grew poor, and no man came to me. One meht I by swake, and is my bod Heard a low, subtle voice, and scented to see A little demon, with a firry head, That whispered, "If now Domenic were dead,

And his new way dead with him, hat ha! ha! Luck would come buck again to Andrea

"So one bright night when singing he went by I watched has a round his neck a chain of gold

(dritered and lared me like a sement seve. It was the price of some new p cture sold 2 ly nerves grew steel, my veins of fire throbbed cold,

My dagger smore him through the neck, chum bound, And like a make, the chain slid to the ground

"As me! as me! what cruel, cruel, pang Draws forth this tale of mine over milany,

Ah youth ' by all the angel chous that sang, Round holy Christ at his nativity. I pray thee mock me not, m chants,

Who for one hour of passion and fell state Viust suffer endless toring refinite

Then at my exte a voice ened, "Look on me ! Scamp on me, crush me, grand me with your heel! I, even I, this shapeless thing am he

That slandered Sappho! Set on me the seal Of your undying hatred, let me feel,

Even though I have with anguish, that men know Her holy life was ever pure as snow '

Then firstened out, I saw upon the graand
What seemed the hele of some mus shapen beaut,
With a painted cord to bind it twisted round;
But to I as heart in beating never cented,
And now the flustur of its breith accreased
Barriner its bo by of unhealthy hue
With land it was of imaging green and blue

Of old a stifled roose proclaimed, "I dwick Deep in the codur shades of that high hill, Whose brow looks down on Lesbos, and the belt Of sun it is so where rappling laughters fill. The spaces down to Choes, thather still, As gold above, the Lydran anomation shows. Supplies would down to freeze and muse allone.

"How oft her ward swept hour and handling eyes
I watched, unseen within my own rose howers

73

Streed by the ignt teet of the nying nours,
When, about samue, on a morn of May,
Westward they troop, and herald the young day!

"So fair was she in my concert, but soon
Het songs were sang from Lesban town to town,
And other relands claumed the lyra boon,
And Andrea praised, and Paros sent a crown,
And we seed men, no obligation to come.

And reverend men, in philosophic gown, From Greece, from sage Tonta, came to by At Sappho's feet the homege of a day

"Then in my heart the love I bore her grew To foulest en y, like the buter core

That hes in the sweet berry of the yev,

For I, too, fashioned for the lute, and bore
Such my wreaths as would be poels wore,

But never ode of mine did men repeat, Singing for give along the broad white street "It happed that through the islands I ansat go
To gather tribute, and where'er I came
The youths and grids avoid gather round to know
What news of Sappho, till my heart became
Shruelled and purched with spite as wall a fluine,
And everance I set my soldly tongue

To hint and whoper nameless tyles of wrong

"Aud soon all lands rung out with that ill fame,
For little souls delight to think the worst.

Of soverign spints who have won great name.
For suttee or for wil, so all men nursed.

And spirid the rumour of these tyles accurated,
Which smouldered, far from Labbos, till she died,
Then burst in lund fivenes unsanctified.

" So to this limbo my unhely spirit

Was dragged by demons when my pulses sunk,

And here forever shall my flesh unberst

More pun than ever human body drank.

See this braised head, this baggard arm and shank,

The slow contracting pain of centuries $\label{eq:Hamiltonian} \text{Has drawn the bones into this hideous gause} \ \ ,$

Then silence came, save far away the sound Of waves that rang like inwheels in the ar, Dashing and dying on the shore, steel bound, I stood above those fund shapes in grayer, Desning that, if any hope there vere, Quickly their zonle and bodies might decay, and to the "exercism setters field away.

Seemed yearning to receive them to its breast,
And fain would let its bage embraces be
Their haven of forgetidiners and rest —
"O let them dee" I murmared, "It is best!
Have they not fed on ungush; all their years?

For to my thought the morning, sighing sea

And drenched the morsel in the vinc of tears?

"Then purps are greater than the Titan's were,
Hung a god man, a sign to man and God,

For he a month spart was aware

Of its own momertality, and tred

With bend creet beneath the oppressors red;

But these are batten through with their own shame,

And scorcht with infamy is with a firme

Witerefore, if Hearen forbul not, let them die '
I' It is cho of my accents brol e in monns
brom all the grim and stark fraternity,
That lay in heaps about my feet I ke stones,
Down to the caverns of my heart their groans
'arm', as a meteor, breeding death and woe
Slants down the slaes on weeping lands below

Then all the silence green a mighty sound, Gathering in voice along the nether size. As when, in some Norwegana gulf profound, Sailors becamed along the monstrous lee Of desolate Torghatten hear the glee Of many a notons and rebel wind,

Deep in the mountain's river heart confined

With murmaring of immortal usings if came, Blown by no wind, and mouned along the deep,

Blown by no wind, and mouned along the deep Then hong at last above that place of shame

On plumes of sound, hise some great burd askep,— Though o er the blue no cloud nor stam did creep,— And slowly gate in words articulate All the vast utterance of the unreen fate

O thou grave myster, who, by unner light,

D dst watch the ruddy, t'wobbing life in flowers,

And shal on by no pubful affright,

And shallon by no painful astinght,

Held'st converse with the eternal starry powers

By all the blass in full ecolatic hours,

From spirit tongues, to thee, a spirit, given
Bow down and aid me from thy lucent heaven

Blake, lowdrest of the sons of shadowy light, Throned, with dawn most for purple, sun for s

Throned, with dawn must for purple, sun for gold,—
Regent above us in all true men's sight,

Among thy lundred angel ranks enrolled,—

Thial not thy latest lover overhold

If in some need he for a while prolong Frayer for thy a d in his most ar hour song!

For he must murmar what a spirit sang
Lisp the word words no mortal can pronounce
For all about my head the air now 11-12
With the detail cismon Youce that did donn noe
The within githings and bade my heart mounce.
The word med, and drown in obloomy

All hope for these still dying and to die

As tom; le, and no imped and no shrace

Is I all so seared as the soul of mvn,
Lit vith a fame more subtle, more dwine,
Than that which round the glaumering after ran
With motitaings and with thunders, when the clan
Off Baal prophets howled, and sank down dead
On the cold mynest their life blood fed

"Van is h myelf the Lump for hallowed use

The on that feeds at and the hand that I gat-

٤٤

Each to his brother is the preneous cruse,

And in the neaver algebra, es.

So all combars, with sacrifical in es,

Throughout the gleaning world, from bound to bound To spread the wealth that old Promethens found.

'And so stood all imag slowly climb up lagner
Ir o the perfectness of over rest,
And no lea. breach of parron star the fire

That fell from God and curreds in man's breat's Py has over pany should man be blest, the soal being priest, and worksper, and shime Burring God spreader for an outward sign

'But ch' wha pass-harest world not be mre
To satisfy that tibell priest, that could delle
The little of h. Col.

The listel of his own God's mercy ent.

Or who, with limb e fingers at I smooth will,
Should from the profits a worthingers beguite
The extrad gate of baltim or of mytth
To with m sprit where histo' for es on for?

"Would the vexed God be pitful and meek.

Not state the imposes with a thunder bolt,

Clothing the language life and hollow cheek.

With your or with a grammat? Let the dolt.

With pain as with a garment? Let the dolt Go who mand whimper over health and holt,— Shall any lovers of the God be found Whose hearts shall melt a sith pity at the sound?

"Wherefore, if all things serred, all things pure, All that makes life worth it may for to man, White chastity and faith, and honour sure litare in your best thick answering echo s, then Cease to be use above a mortal len,

Cease to be wise above a mortal len,
And judge that we, whose robes are virtues, know
Where justice rules, and mercy may not go "

"

As from the heart's core of a trumpet blast May rise the melody of whispering flutes,

A softer music on my ear was cust,

Even as I lay among those hyper roo s.

Even as I lay ranger those hving roo s,

And heard their direful systemes, and the irents

Of their meane rebellion, sweet and fur, As orchard singing under a pale star,

Tout tender fluting rose but, guthering strength, Thrilled like a hundred instruments in time, Here soft citoles, and here in liquid length

The sobbing of tense harp string", and all soon Rounded with murmurs of the full bassoon, And all words faded, und I rose, and lo

A lady standing on the hill of woe. Adown her shoulders, over the bread breast,

A saffron tobe fell hebile to her feet. Edged quaintly with meander, for the rest, Her changeful eyes were wonderfully sweat,

Sea-coloured, and her braided hair made meet Under a fillet of starred myrtle flowers, More !-uge and pure than any bloom of ours.

Her face was even as apple blossom is When first the winds awal en it, her mouth Seemed like the incurrention of a kiss.

A philtre for all sornor, an heat dreath

A foundation breathing of the fragrant south.

A care for sorgs.—a nothe— he knows?

Perchance the rose tree of the worlds great rose?

Kallispa, the eternal Muse size hight,
Whose lipe woll amuse in Mroundes
Through all the alturnatives of day and a ght,
Silunce and song that this poor wan world sees
Sile walks unchanged while old divinities
Wither and day, and new creeks spring and fall.

There in her loveliness the stood and spread.

Het strins out to me in most similing whee,
Styling Oh, my servant, in such dreambed,
Why fie its thy spirit in a wind of sights?

And new flowers hear the new born cuckoos call

What ruth and pass on gather to thme epes?

What part hast thou with these? Ah I wayward child

Should I be clement to them? And she am hell

O t what a smile? But when she ceased, once more I can't my eyes upon the twee ed few pres

And all the pity that my heart once lon-To watch the wrating of the loathsome creatures Fled from me, for their foul degenerate natures

Sponied under them pure eyes of hers, as hell Must blac' un, seep from beaven a white pinnicle

She vanuhed. Ther they howled and howled until The cave of un, dera d of other sample.

Was full of mouning echoes sour d the hill

Then with my hands my aching ears I bould, And ruhing from that cru-l cur-ed ground

From eleft to eleft leap downward, to the sea,

Where fourt wave maste was as being to me

EUTHANASIA

WHEN tree comes by and lays his frosty hands.
So lightly on mine eyes, that, scarce ware
Of what on codless weight of gloom they bear.
I pause, unsurred, and wait for his commands.

I panse, unstirred, and wait for his commands,
When time has bound three limbs of mine with band-,
And hashed mine ears, and vileted all my hair,
May sorrow come not, nor a vain deapair
Trouble my dout that meetly graded stands

As silent rivers into silent lakes,
Through hush of reedy that not a normular breaks,
Wind, mindfel of the poppies whence they came,
So may my life, and calmly burn away,

As ceases in a Jump at break of day

The fragrant remainst of memorial fluid.

THE PRAISE OF DIONYSUS

Chart Re. zf

To A D Denold, above he mountains there is light

A streak of gold a hac of guthering fire,
And the dim Last hult suddenly grown brigh
With pale acral filme, that drives up b give.
The land must that of the night aware
Breasted the dail, ravines and coverts hare,
Behold, behold if the granate gates unclose,
And down the volce thyte people flows,
Dancing to muste, in their drives they fing
Their frantic robes to cively wand that blows

And deathless praises to the vine-god sing Acarer they press, and nearer s ill in sight Still dancing blithely in a seemly choir, Tossing on high the symbol of their rate, The zero tupped thyspass of a god's desire. Never they come, tail damade flushed and fair, With 15 circling their abundant hair; One wel, with even pace, in study rows, With 15 circling their abundant with check first gloss, and will the while their tubute songs they bring And either bother tubute songs they bring And cover gloons of the part disclose.

And deathless pruses to the wine god ung.

The pure haverage of their limbs is white,
And flashis elevier withly draw the nigher,
Brithed in an sir of infinite delight,
Formeth without remail of their in their flash, of more
Forms up by song as by a trumper's blace,
Leviling the vin to conquest, on they fare,
Fertiless and bold, whenever comes or goes,
Three sharing choirt of Backandard closs,
Shouting and shouting till the non-intains ring,
And forest grain floyd, they are red any.

,2

and youths are there, for whom full many a night Prought dreams of blass vague breves that haunt and ure Who rose in their own essiess bediefit

And wardered for a through many a scounging buar.
And wasted shivering in the icy air,

And v rapped the leopard slam about them there Knowing for all the batter air that force, The time must come that every poet know-When he shall rise and feel himself a king, And follow, follow where the res grows

And deathless pruses to the vine god say:

But oh! within the heart of this great flight,

Whose many arms hold up the golden tyre?

What form is this of more than mort. I highly
What matcaless beauty what mapped me?
The bradfed numbers know the prize the, bear,
And harmonic shors steps with stately cire;
Bent to the enouncy like a living rose
The immortal spleadour of his face he shows.

And where he glances leaf and flower and wing

Tremble with rapture, stated in their repore,

And deathless prouses to the vane-god sang

ENLOS PFINCE of the flate and my, all the foce Record the bounty that the grace bestoes But we, the veryants, to thy glory clum, 'and with no frigid hips our songs compose,

An a deathless reases to the time god and

THE LOSS OF THE "EURYDICE

March. 24, 1878

Tired with the toils that know up ond,

On winter seas long doesned to roam,

They smiled to think that Murch could lend

Such radiant wands to waft them home,

Long pents overpast,

They stood for port at last,

Close by the fair familiar water way,

And on their sught lee All hearts were clad to see

The crags of Calver through the shrung day, While every white winged bird, Whose joyous any they heard, Seemed wild to shoot the writcome that it have Of love from friends on shore

Ah ' brief their joj, as days are brief In March, that loves not joj nor am;

O brier to the Lent of goef

The part that never shall be non? Far ship, with all sail set.

Dolsk thou perchance forget

The changing times and treacherous winds of Spring?

And could those herdlands gray

Rehense no tele to-dry

Reberge no tale to-day tracks they have soon and many a man

Of wreeks they have seen, and many a greeous thing?

The towering claff, Decreece,

Full man, a secret beave.—

Cry out ra unemang voice I too much they dare,

Death eathers in the air!

A and blew sharp out of the north,

And not the while adges rose
A sound of temporal gauge forth,

And maintar of approaching mous,

Then through the sucht are

Streamed duck the lated by r

ς5 THE LOSS OF THE "ELRY DICE"

Of storm-cloud, gathering for the light's ect. 12, And fercel, rose and fell The sheek of waves, the I rell

Of stamen, and the doom of wangering shirts , As with an eagle's on The mich's storm maked us,

Trailing its tobe of enon perces the ware, And gelfed them like a grare

It passed, a fell, and all was still,

But, homebound wanderer, where were il et ?

The wing were down behind the bill,

Then not the less caust print in colours fur The eve of our despair

Not hard for heroes is the death.

That greets them from the cannon's lipWhen heaven is red with flaming breath,
And shakes with roor of endering slips.

When through the thunder cloud.

Sounds to them, clear and loorl,
The vince of Enchair claims them by name.

And as their eyes grow dan
They hear their nation's hymn,

And I now the prelone of sumortal fame,
Rut and indeed in this.

The meed of war to mus, To die for England, yet m dying know

They leave no nume but woe

They cannot rest through coming year-

In any ground that England own-And billows sulter than our terrs

Wash over their unhonoured bone,

3 THE LOSS OF THE TURY DICE

Lef in our hearts they rist

Not less reserred and blest

Thun those, their brothers who in fighting fell,

Nor shall our children heer Their name pronounced less dear, When England's roll of gallant dead we tell,

For ever shall our show. There at the Solent's lips, Pass out to glory over their still bed And praise the silent dead

SERENADE

THE leman potals gently fall
Within the windless Indian meht.

The wild have d waterfall Hangs, interning like a ghostly light,

Drop down to me, and larger long, my heart's entire delight

Among the trees, the fiery fles

More slowly in their robes of flume,

Above them, through the liquid skies

The stars in squadrons do the same,

Move through the garden down to me, and softly speak

By midnight's moving heart that shakes

my name 1

By midnight's moving heart that shakes The coloured air and kinding gloom, 100

In fruit, in blossom, in perfum",

Come down and still the aching doubts that haunt me and consume 1

Else if the chilly morning break And thou has beard my voice in vain-Ligarante as a store lake

That through the brancher bears the rain,

Demote had Lo e houself pass by to Uess thee saidrefrant?

TO HENRIK IRSEN IN DRESDEN

WITHIN the bowery window nook, My red azalea flowered to day . Its colour fell upon the book

That I was reading where I lay .-Your own sandonic maso ie of Love.

Whercin, when last araleus blew, I read, and marked the hight above Come faintly unted through

And as your gracious yerse unfolds Its fluted meanings, kaf by leaf

And knows not half the wealth it holds.

Till, gathered in a rosy sheaf.

The full proportioned flowers of song Firme, finished, from the perfect tree, And pour out perfume, pure and strong,

For all the world and me.-

TO HENRIK IBSEN IN DRESDEN

102

So, now that May is well begue,
And coclose in the nocellurd shout,
Vs perfect flower that howes the "un
Will appread us faultless petals out,
Inch bloom will tell my brain of you,
Kerse poet vish the tropic heart,
From whose blad not these shouly grew
Such flowers of secfect air.

And while I want for your new song to wait six fragrance over the sea,
I hold the memorises that belong
To you, to Norway and to me,
I wander where the wild swan calls,
And will extend where the last. I have been and clunes,
And a sich someone, watefalls
Let by, whiteney through the base.

Note Laffaille and Corregue meet -

I by the dissimil tided Thimes,
In dreary square and sultry street,—
Both, by one magnet drawn, extend
Our thoughts across the northern deep,
Till both our beings may and blend
Where type and villager siegen

So fires a brake across the see

From you to Norm y, clear like girss
A matter frameword, busit for me,
Permits my viguer hopes to pass
One link remits unforged, one bue
The winard's weard transfe needs,
One my to your we face to face,
And then our art succeeds

That link between your land and mine My English and your Noise denies Your verses he like gens that hide In coffers sealed from English eyes Behind the veil we don't know

A solemn figure stands complete,
But feel not how the drapenes flow,
How powe the hands and feet

I or me slow hours have drawn and:

The curtain that concealed the work,

Draphanous thin webs still hide,

Disphaness thin webs still hide,
And gain; faint concentrates lart,
But all the gracious form aisplayed
Delights me with it's excepting lines,
And every day some progress made
Dicteases's shat confiner

Est oh! to win my people's ejes
To s on! with me—to grae, admire,
To praire the static's form on! size,
The is the goal of my desire.

Fu free I you dream no of the weight Of mee's placement on le-

The sturdy self sufficient inte Of all the world beside

My Digland, where the gress is deep,
And burns with buttercups in May,
Whose brockaids violets nod in sleep,
Washed pure purple by the spray in
My England of the August com—
The heavy headed waving gold,—
Sweet bloroning I and from burne to bourne,
Whose name and speech I hold,

Whose name and speech I hold,

Receives my homoge, none the less
1 deem some precious things may be,
With which the sovering Miners bless
The world outside our circling "ea,
Some unknown gof the gods may leave
To be enchrimed in alien lands,
A boon we humbly must receive

TO HEVELF IESE I DIESDE

For youth slow recongs of time
Will have, the recody your words have won
When common speech from chine to thirt
Chill Lak to me, one to one.
The res. Perphase of the ris
Willcown your destaless fam with have
Norm our you come, and beating hearts
An educ of the your

Been him renumber res,
Had not san, and a leed with
And with fower than one, often 1
To ren this one, among rend,
And it may pre-town after
Hew home him means we will imone,
hear it we derive.

Form who is there I car to so

Tare on Ilm To an adam

107

Tremble with change, and shivering so,
With gathered rouces shake and shriek,
You tremble not, but brave and strong,
Pour forth as from a trumpet's mouth,
The great anotherms of some

Sent northward from the south

Work then in patience, till you see

The confines of your Holy Land,

That Palestine of poess,

Where Agnes wats for you, and Brand,

Pull on with strenuous arm and oar,
The sandy but will soon be past,
And grassy odours from the shore
Proclaim you home at last!

May, 1872

THE SISTERS

A DORIAN FOYIL.

PHILENION LYSIDICE

LYSIDICE.

Driverst, the onys lump is at the side, The vine surrounded casement open wide,

And on the floor's mosaic I have set Green springs of me and hads of serpolet, And still the rum upon their leaves is wet Farewell, farewell, and sing thisself to sleep

THE SICTED

rod

13 STDICE.

Ah! let we close you, burning eyes and blue. Welt to a cloud, and flue yourselves in dew, Else must I kns you under either bron!

PHILENIOS.

I ought to southe myself to slumber new Were 11 ses poppies or ophyson for a 5

LYSEDICE

Yea, soon behind our dear pomegranate grove The large slow footed moon will glide and set, And all the world its weariness forget

PHILTNIPA

Bow down once more that httle curly head And lay those soft arms on the affron hed, Among tha trees, and where the shade is deep, Who comes to might when all the world's askeep?

I VSIDICE.

Oh, hush I he will not see me, will not know That I can hear his footfall there below

PHU PYTON

And whilst thou belenest for his wandering feet, May I not also keep my ugil, sweet? (ASIDICE.

Thou hast no reason, dear, to he awake, I seek to sleep but cannot for love's sal c Ah, who has told thee that he comes at night I hardly told my heart m, heart's delight He never sees, he pover heurs me there. I he, with fluttering pulse, till unaware His presence seems to quicken all the air Is I e no god like, deat Philemon ? ful a I are when the trate deat, of and to all face als sollers in a firme? Like mest Ad ess then the Cypnan come

And deshed how with embraces? Ab 1 that smale 1 I fain for shame must hide my face awhile ! Ah I prip for my love scale,—since thy breast

POWATER

Has no such reason for a such unrest

Dear child, young to a thinks e er it knows best, And I seem old to their and practing time, The years, forcooth, beyond thy bridding prime LASINICE.

Last more the came, and with his arms he led A new warned hards with rore, round us head, He sterued to meen the levely gift for me, But blashed too much my blacking face to see— How wheel to us fell then all ray was

PHILESION

Speak on, nor head, love, that I tremble so

1ASIDICE

I state up towards have when his shell τ by down from stress of mountain on the pastures t rown ,

Before him flashed a distinal streat of sea,

Behind him rose a whispering tamarak tree

I listened dose, and, safer, ore he set

The langhing calcitions has hips to we',

His eyes were sportling, and—it might not be—

I thought he whispered lose "Lysidice 1"

THILF NO.

Behind that tree, and where the olives throw A silver shadow on the leaves below, Say, hast thou been?

LASIDICE.

Yes, where the bought display in I show, half nothed in the dim half and A noiseless and a strampled place of totals. Then weepen, as er, for the lump illumes. The sharing franges of those sweetest eyes?

In memory, shou we tack in this to day, Let me go stient on a sadder way

LISIDICE.

A burning tent has propped apon my hand Have I done till? I cannot understand!

PHILENION

Among the grees, that off that file, shade
I transfered once just sud a joyous maid
At their. Wikha my evelug hands I held
A prang ceals, who by song supplied,
Struck, with has feet the eithern of his samps,
I teppels, impure by a fill the amorous thags
The staced contract based till I throw
Backs will my freid, and emple against the blue
Aman sheen fine fast booked mit through and flarough

LASIDICE

Let me come nearer, for you whisper low

PHILENIO >

I spread my fingers, let the wild unger go,
Spring to my feet, and would have fied, but h.
Wes swifter, and has arms encompassed me
Denoth the chade he vooed my fears an ay,
And showed the chunnel where his shallop isy,
Ife lived upon the "east" Oh! strings and user!
To set it A fathodites a swint feet!

Nett mon I vole, and laid serots her shrint.

A filled of the o wave dark looks of min.

An rry wreath a grasslopper in gold.

She roe flow out the unping foam and coll.

Or role, a voll, and when I hand the root of data traves. I project to her the more.

I this man.

I, too, before the dayn to day hung up
In Apl rodite's stirme my saker cup
Engraved with massy combuts of old 1 mgs

THITEVIOA

I pray the gods that with all pleasant things.
Thy life at all times may be crowned and blest.
May all the sweets into thy or p be pressed.
That the sad gods forgot in maning more.

LYSIDICE

Tell me what end came of this love of thine?

PHILENION

There is but one fixed goal where lose may fare And every loser that the world shall bear woo, After band space or lengtheaed, we all ow woo, They downward and in solutive most go Where the Queen sets with poppers round her hur Brief was our time. for presson, sexual and tree

116 THE SISTERS

The boars of pleasure in my life have been One chill October night when aim were kun-And I within the quiet house begut

To clear the soft white spinning wool a span Forth from my I nees, and thou west bent to hold The oil press lowly coming bound gold, Silent, before the fire, we two rlone, There came ont of the dark a wail se mosn,-

His to ce in trion, -red I rose, but thou Heard of roth me and I new at northing of my won I felt that for owns or see his limath Had called on more of the last hour of dooth. An I through the thurdering form and roaming tale My bran had heard the a hi per as he died hes. At broker, to whom set times rem.

Had had ding proper in her or a mystic nag

My foolish hardress? See, my cheeks are not

With passionate falling of remorseful te us

PHILENION

Thou hast the spring tide lightness of till years,
Sister! Behold, my arms are open wide,
Those vain reproches in this bosom hide!
Dream not that life has lost all blus for me,
Content to love and love again in thee
Fare throbbing head, and flowing wealth of tress
Alive in its own glancing loveliness,
Soft neel, warm hands, and best of all, I know,
Cleat virgin heart fast beating down belon,
These we wy love, and till that secred bout
When Love shall crown thee with his mother's flower,
And I into the strong hands of a man

And I into the strong hands of a man Shall give thee, as a sister only can, These are my care, and all my life shall be Absorbed in conquering thy destiny,

What woes the gods may for our heads propue, With cheerful countenance and instant prayer, I will prevail that I alone may bear But when that day of days at last shall dawn When underneath the platag on the laws

Our hands suspend the wreath of dripping buds, Your loros garland, started with multitudes

Of nuntral blossoms steeped in rich perfume, When all the mudess throng to view the room Along a bose walls the town s last art provides So can amorous stones, academ to brides.

When grawned with hyacinths, a chorus loud, The viscous chant the proses in a crowd,

The frigrant oil, one last libration more,-Then, darling oh ! may I be there to weep Still tests of costage that downs and creep,

And only bush, when on the ground they pour Mrs half Cypns round thy body twine The stered findle of her charm divine, An I then may Love, all awallowed up in thre, Forget, sea t exen in dreams, to sent me

THE FARM

То Н Т

FAF in the soft warm west
There has an orchard nest,
Where even spring the black-caps come
And build themselves a downy home

And build themselves a downy home

The apple boughs entwine,

And make a network fine
Through which the morning vapours pass
That rise from off the dewy grass.

And when the spring warmth shoots Along the apple roots, The guarled old boughs grow fail of buds

the gnarled old boughs grow fall of That gleam and leaf in multitudes And then, first cold and white,
Soon flushing with delight,
The blossora heads come out and blow
And minute superituated stay.

Just where my farm house ends
A single gable bends,
And one small window, my bound,
Looks into this enchanted ground

I set there while I write,

And dream in the d m I ght

That floors the misty orchard tarough,

A pile-green vapour tinged with I he

And we chithe growing your,

The flower that spring and peer,
The apole I foom that me'ts was,
The colours of the changing dig.

The falling blossom fills
The cups of diffidults,
That foll their perfume haunted heads
Along the feathery paraley beds

And than the young girls come
To take the gold flowers home,
They stand there, laughing, Mac white,
Within the orchard's green twilight

The rough old walls decay,
And moulder day by day,
The fern roots tear them, stone by stone,
The my drags them, overgrown,

But still they serve to keep This little shrine of sleep Intact for singing birds and bees And lovers no less shy than these Soft perfumes blown mv way
Rerund me day by day
How spring and summer flower arrange.
The carcentic interchance

For, in the still warm night,

I taste the fain delight

Of dim white wolets that he

Far down in depths of greeners

And from the wild white rose That in my window blows At dawn an odour pare and frie Comes grafting like the scent of wine

The reference to re

A facility of the contents

There is filled, contents

Nor seems it strange indeed To hold the happy creed That all fair things that bloom and die Have conscious life as well as I

That not in vain unse
'The speeduell's arure eyes,
Lake stars upon the aver's brank
That thine unseen of us, and sink

That not for Man is mide
All colour, light and shade,
All beaut; ripeaed out of right,—
But to fulfil its own delight

The black caps croon and a ung
Deep in the night, and sing
No songe in which man's life is blent,
But to enhody their content

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Then let me joy to be
Alive with bird and tree,
And have no knughter aim than this—

To be a partner in their bliss

So shill my soul at peace From anxious carping cease, Fed slowly like a wholesome bud

Fed slowly like a wholesome had With sap of healthy thoughts and good

That when at last I die,
An priese may earth deny,
But with her living forms combine
To chant a threnody divine

cook, and palm shided from the torn likest, The young brown ter or puts her empion by, And reis the twin pape to his lips to try

Some not of britmsh place as where lovers meet O swart mu sears, busy and fame are fleet.

THE PIPE-PLAYER

Buch all debrit, and youth' feet from to fly ! Pine on in percel To moreon must we dia? What matter, if our life to day be sweet ! Soon, soon, the salver traper roods that such Along the Speed River will report The echo of the darl stoled bearers' feet, Who carry you, with wailing, where must be I our swithed and withered body, by and by, In perfumed drol new with the groups of wheat

IN THE BAY

For our to east one streak of golden light Shows where the lines of sea and heaven units,— Wa to heaven shot through with side of flying cloud, Giny was the wind just flutters and makes bright, And was a to move neither for more lead

Two borns jut out, and join, an I rim the bay,

Sale where a soon white single frag.

Dieal through the bar, where, black as black can be

Their's company bullow rock a resourt half day.

The jarred strumes of the temberg sea Here was sorry distly, while bot for an Flooded with the half free brown and between

Hostel or herb and face brown and here
We I regred and monthly plus may with alloy of a
The worm and a lad portage, while of there,

1 Joan b a great ting. Comiz

Then leaping down together with a cry,

I witched them dash into the waves, and fly

Around the shallows as a sea bard bends,

Tossing the froth and streaming, and then I Plunged hi c Arion to m; dolphin friends

The cool impass to writer clong and press of Aronad our busyant hodies, herd and breast, Downward I and through preen and hand gloom By all the streams of shore and are creened.

Draft various depths in functions lights allamed.

And rising once again to sunht air
We flung the salt drip back from board and har,
And should to the sun, and knew no more
The trodden carth, with all its paus and care,
But set our faces see ward from the shore.

Then, lot the narrow streak of eastern light Along the durk sea's line, began to sinite Its radiance high up beaven, the flying mist Sped from the sky, and left it gold and white. And made the torsing sea like amethyst

Makey between the rocks that gut the by,
An alet roce, of rod as blad as they,
Sombre it stood agreest the glowing sky,
And two of us aware out to it straightway,
And cloff the waves with streamous arm and thigh,

And as I strove and we restled in the race,
I turned and saw my comrade's merry free,
The simbght fall upon his hart, and through
The film of water showed the sinewy grace
Of a hite limbs, bright quant the sea's green blue

So, langhingh, we won the rock, and then
Chirabel up, and waited for our fellow men,
Sation the casterwide hand of it, and let
The coll francing upon or if feet "guin,
And pla it our finite with tample, crashed and yet

There, holding buck the withhur from my eyes The moment septed me with its strange surprise Strughtway I lost all sense of present things And in the spirit, as an exele flies.

I floated to the sunuse on wide wines

bome antique frence shiding through my brain Made natural thought a moon upon the wane. Fast fading in a vague and silvery sliv .--

I | now not if such moment be not gam .

They teach us, surely, what it is to die

But suddenly my comrade spoke, the sound kecalled my soul agree to common ground And now, lil e sea gods on a holiday,

My friends were tumbling in the foam around. and made the waters houry with their play

With that, I spread my nalled arms, and dre's My hands together o er my head and I new

And while into the pulsing deep I flow,

Mr glad heart sang its greeting, ah! who knows

What power the sea may have to understand,

Since all night long it whispers to the Jand,
And means along the shallows, and cries out.
Where skerries in the lonely channels shand,
And sounds in drowning ears a mighty shout?

"Sea that I love, with arms extended wide,
I clasp you as the bridegroom clasps the bride,
Strong sea, receive me throbbing, close me roun

I clasp you as the bridegroom chaps the bride,
Strong sea, receive me throbbing, close me round
Vish tender firm embracing; 1 Not bened,
I plange and resel in thy cool profound t

₹.,

Have I not known thee? Lo? thy breath was mild About my lody when I was a child, My hur was blanched with sea winds full of brane. No voice beguled one as thy tonce be miled. The lockness free my childhood knew was time?

Then on the store in shadon, but to dry
I plunge by our into the sun it spray,
A child's heart gare thee all a dubl's heart can,
But now I love thee in a bolder in vy,
And the the fereer pasture of a man

"Nor I alone enjoy then I Here a score, Contrades of mine and still a million more Might leap to thee, thou woulds, rejoice again Like her of old whose mystic body bore As many breasts as there are months of mea

"Clinging, thy cool spray males us there alone We have no barran passion of our own,

Here all is thine, prone boly and dumb soul, There for thy waves to dash, thy foam to crown,

Thy earthug eddies to caress and roll !"

With that I sho along the glittering sta,

Parting the foam, and plunging full of glee, Tosted back my tangled hair, and struck for out Where opent suprise paved a path for me,

And whirpering a tree returned my lyric shoul-

Belard me and around me, lathe and fair, I il e Triton langs at sport my comra les i ere -

Some to, ing conches that they had dived to find, "one speed by gradd, trol, and sanshor but To a on the soft good I area of the a roll

Ah! for the sky put off its robe of rold . A sharp wind blew out of a cloudy fold .

The latter sea but mocked us! To the core

The keen breeze pierced us yith a cutting cold And sad an I numb we haddled to the shore

So pass life a ecstasies and yet, ah me !

What sorrow if no change should ever be, Since, out of grieving at a present blight Come sweeter wafts of gurnered memory,

And sweeter yearning for a new delight

And but for that chill end in rain and wind. I know not if my changing brain would find

On its palluprest memories of that day

When full of life and youth and careless mind We dashed and shouted in the sunlit has

THE BALLAD OF DEAD CITIES

70 + L Where are the cauco of the plan?

And where the shrines of rapt Bethel? And Calab host of Tubal Cam?

And Shinar whence Ling Amraphel Came out in arms and fought, and fell, Decoyed mto the pris of slime By Siddim, and so at . beer to hell, Where are the cases of old time?

They fade like echo in a shell, Where are the cities of old time?

And where is white Shushan, again,

Where Vashir's beauty bore the bell,
And all the Jewish oil and grain

Were brought to Michaeleth to call

Were brought to Muhridath to sell, Where Nebemish would not dwell, Because unother town sublime Decoyed him with her oracle?

Where are the cause of old time?

E. VOI

Prince, with a dolerous, exastless I nell Above their wisled toil and crime The waters of oblivion swell

Where are the cates of old time?

THE BATH

with row palms against her bosom pressed

To say the shudder that she dieads of old,
Lyndice glides down, till silver cold

The water gradies hill her glaning breast,

A yellow butterfly on flowery quest
Rifles the roses that her tresses hold
A breeze comes wandering through the fold on fold
Of drapenes curtaining her shape of test

"oft beauty, like her kindred a etale strewed along the cristal coolness, there the lies Whit was on gratifies those gentle eyes? She dreams she stands where pestentsy she stood

She dreams she stands where yesterday she stood,
Where is I let the whole trend shorely for blood,
How in the sund's gladiator dies

THE NEW ENDYMION

Behind the ghostly poplar trees
The moon rose high a hou Coha ched.

Fow in the fact ening raiding to bride.

I'd thrown the curtums both aside,
And this was how I came to see,
In my most tenders agony.

The red moon in the poplar tree

The scent of ideas, sield; sweet,

Just floated through the shaper

Seemed without hope and infinite

. Just floated through the sluming air,
And the hot perfume of the wheat
Hung hie a vapour everywhere,
The angush of the summer night
Close, breathless, suits, still and bright,

But most the round orb of the moon, That one by one the branches Lissed,

Drawn out of her fushed waking swoon,

And changed to gold above the mist,

Scened like a rancorous enemy,

Who climbed by stars into the sky

Better to see my darling die

had I remembered, hushed at heart,
Without a tear, though she was dead,—

As if my future had no part
In that cold past upon the bed,—
I thought how much the moon had seen
Of happy days that lay between
The once may be and sad has been

Quirents to feel bor, every time
I forged another had of to.e.
The mass is moon had seemed to chub,

inte chm, bys, unthangalose,

I shuddered, and my thoughts I cast, While all my vens were beating fast, Across my memories of the past.

I thought of that their tropic night,
When, take a out, through Income seas
Our ship unfelded wangs of light,
And lost the land by soft degrees
She paced the deel, I heard the hir
Of robes, her beauty a musicir,

And at the last I spoke to her

But while our budding fortunes crossed, Amid her courieous flights of speech, My careless vision slowly lost The range of palm treus on the beach,

Whereat another light began Behind the isles of Andaman, And up the golden moonlight ran

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I turned and saw her gentle face,

Those violet moon shot eyes I saw,

And in that very hour and place Bent like a vassal to her law,

But yet I dured not speak, and soon She rose and suddenly had gone, And left me to the florid moon

I thought me of a wanter street,

And how the first time, on my arm,

I felt her gentle pulses best

As in a virgin's igne alarm,
We let the rest pass on before,
An I talking lingered, more and more

Hid in the city's kindly rour

The great croad caught as in its net,
And preveal as ele et to erch other.
We spole of all smeet 1 stace met,
And 1 and all the inster and like brother.

I all the while, with fixed intent,
Towards some more senous science bent
To say a certain thing I meant

In can,—till out of the blue night,
Pehind the vist cathedral spire,
There swam into our sudden's ght
A globe of honey coloured fire,

And in the wonder of the view She hi shed her talling, and I knew How I ad her heart was and how true

I thought, too, of the magic hour When in one secred chamber bound,

She lowed her wreath of orange flower,

And dropped her wealth of her uncrowned

And I, with tenderest fingers hand

About the Jamess of her wast, Her cool and tream white thrust embraced

And through this window pane we glanced

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And saw the salvery soft may moon —

Lü e some young mound that hath danced

Till her bright head is in a swoon,—

Lean up against the poplar tree,

And in the wild wind we could see

The leaves fold round her amorously

They folded round as sisters might Around a maxion seck to death, Whom some perfidious churl and I Had the tied with delivery breat

Whom some perfidents charl and light
Had cheated with deleases breath
The moon's white face that golden hour
Had something of the tin's that four
About the scone our flower

Yet that Let u ghi when Celia died.

The moons for had a strunger of A men of its ony becauding.

Let u tel meso ate and fur

Through all my sorrow, all my pain, I gazed upon the orbugain,

Till my pent augush gushed in rain,

And then upon her face I fell,

My sweet, lost Chia s, and my arms
Clasped round once more the mancle

Of her dues and londer shows.

Of her divine and tender charms,

The room grew dael, I know not why,—
I gazed and saw that, suddenly,

The moon v as eaby in the sky

hen I arose and left the dead,

And wandered up roto the wood,

Till briar and honovaschle shed

A subtle odour where I shood And there, beneath the boughs that he Thin leaved against the stars on high,

Thin leaved against the stars on high, The moon swam down the liquid sky

THE PER ENDS HOW and since that right of rain and lo e I have not felt as a hers fe l

An alien in their court Timor ... And from their near yould be call

The common way of 11 I chan,

A dream upon ar finer cans, Il rgruh with a ford deare ,

I am le along the me atua ton , Ba wi a be no ther range she drope,

"Ir hour only me Lar and sors

B t when the crescent moon begins To fill her deciler by with fre

And line sequestered from the sun

and cont my commades even one,

And when the perfect moon appears A golden paragon of spheres, I use a god among my peers

Twelve times within the weary year.

That marvellous hour of 303 returns.

And till its rapture reappear.

My pulse is like a finne that burns.

I have no wonder, now, nor care For any woman's hands or hair, For any face, however fair

Ah! what am I that she should bend Her glorious godship down to me?

Viy mortal weal ness cannot lend Fresh light to her vast dert, 1 I know not ' only this I know---

She loves me, she has willed it so And blindly in her light I go

Sweet, noke me as a mountain pool

THE VER' E' DI "10 V

The hides thy virtue in its core,

I wast grow old and pais away;

The part immerial, loce I way.

The art remortal, love, I pmy,
Berd our me on my faul day'

WIND OF PROVENCE O way to of Provence, subtle wind that blows

Through coverts of the impenetrable rose. O musical soft wind, come near to me. Come down into these hollows by the sen, O wind of Provence, heavy with the rose I

How once along the blue ser's buttlements Thy amorous rose trees poured their spicy scents 1

The heavy perfume streamed down grante walls.

Where now the prickly cactus gibes and crawls Down towards cold waves from gram rock battlements

Of all the attar, sharp and resmous, The spines and stalks alone are left for us, 148

And so much welly essence as may cleave
About the hands of manders when they werve
Wild roses into wreaths of bloom for us

Where we the old days canished, ah! who knows!
When all the wide world blossomed with the rese,

When all the world was full of fruit desire,
When love was passion and when flowers were fite

When love was passion and when flowers were fite Where are the old days vanished, ab t who knows?

Come down, O wand of Provence, sing again.
In my balled ears, for quenching of all pun,

In my fulled cars, for quenching of all pun,
The litany of endiess amorous hours,

The song of songs that blossomed with the flowers, and brightened when the flowers decayed agus

Love's lidies paced the sward beneath all towers,
Their girls, green saling stirred the daisy flowers,
No knight or chine was pale with spent desire.

I or pleasure served them as an altar fire, Their mortal spirits fided like soft flowers

Some wreaths and robes, a late with mouldared strings, One clear perennal song on deathless wings, Still tell at later men of those delights That filled their happy days and passionate nights,

While Life smote graly on his tense harp strings

Now cold earth covers all of them with death,

The gray world travels on with failing breath,

Long having passed her prime, and twilight comes,

And some men worl for dream indlemnings.

But most are gathering up their robes for death

The old arr hangs about us cold and strange,
We stand like blood men, wistful for a change,
But only darkness hes on eather hand,

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And in a smister, unlovely land, We cling together, waiting for the change

But in this bitle interval of rest

May one not press the rose flower to his breast,

The surgame rose whose passionate delight In amorous days of old was infinite,

And now, like some narcotic, sings of rest?

So be it 1 I, the child of this last age,

To whom the shadow of death is hentage, Will set my face to dream against the past,

This time of terrs and crouble cannot last, The dawn must some time herald a new age Tall then, O wind of Pro ence, thrill my brun

With mind, and terebinth and descy run I rom or er Inscious roses, and declare That wine is deheate and v oman fair ,

On riof Provence, shall I call in vun?

RONDEAU

Delow the fit merchina age,
And chorn of all his golden does
His roy i state and loveliness,
Do no more worth a heart like thint,
Let not this nobles possess pine,
But, with a chart of d. um,

Let bicmory ply but out address
If Love should famit,
And oh I this Pagewal houst of mone,
Lake some half pilgram stantal with wire,
Shall ache in July's dear dathers,

Shall ache in july a dear distress,
Until the balvas of the caresa
Th word the flauched care combine,
If Love absold front

MOORLAND

" af e the June field red all over -

Lores : rato en en Isl er griering -

Now the buttercups of May

Transle Linter day by day

And the stalks of flowering closer

Now the culton fall on bell

Totalizes a all families

and him him gale perceiving

Louis nan-andgo

Write fester in britished Vices ngr | almodder Int | c | erm of b Hem Just a year ago to day,

Friend, we climbed the self same way.

Through the village green, and higher

Post the smathy's thundering fire,

I p and up and where the hill
Wound us by the order still,
Where the seather form the meadow
Sai along the hedge for shadow

Where the fittle wayside into 9 goals that the moors begin, Als I remember all our laughter, Lostering at the bar,—and after I

All must be the same to day,
All must look the same old way,
Only that the sweet child number
We admired so well, fruit laden,

MOORL4'D

1-4

Now life an expanded bad,

Must be blown to womanhood,

And the faller laps and bosom

Must proclaim the perfect bloroom

One step more! Refore us, lo!

Sheer the great ranne below,

Emp'v, save where one brown ploter

Wheels acros, the fermy cover!

Here, where all one valley has Lane a smoll before our eyes, Let us sport our golden leasure In a world of lasy pleasure

Court. 16, your bean forget
All the thoughts that fay and feet,
Tell tan sun down face on you let,
but I we as the form young and your for

See below us, where the stream Winds with broken silver gleam, How the nervous quivering sallows Bend and dare not touch the shallows (

In that willow shaded pool,
When last I une the are were cool,
How we made the hot noon shace
With our plunge into the over

In the sweet am, side by side
You and I and none bende t
Head and hands, thrown backward, shall en,
buth, into the soft warm brecken

Up in heaven a unity stey
Floats across us lessurely,
When we close our eyes, the duffer
Half both seems a faint red colour

In this weary life of ours

Pass too many lender liours,

In our chronieles of passion

Too much aries the world's dull fash on

If our spirits stave to be Pare and high in their degree, Let us learn the soaning poun Under God's own empyrean

Leaure in the sun and our

Val es the spent strong and fair,

Flaced rems and pallid features

he not fit for An born creatures

Come then, for the hour, of May
Wane and falter, day by day,
And the thrushes fart June chorus
Will have walked the woods before us

THE GOLDEN ISLES

To I A S SAD would the salt waves be-

And cold the surging sea, And dark the pulfs that echo to the secun stranged lyre. If things a cre what they seem,

If his had no fair dieam. No marage made to tap the dall san lase with fire

> Thea Sleep would have no hight And Death no voice or sight . And my this world of doubt

And find no song to sage and no word good to say

Their rister Sorrow, too, would be as blind as they. Our souls world room about.

The reverend forms they bear Of islands famed and fact.

On whose keen roaks, of old, heroic fleets have struck. Whose murble dalls have seen

In flowing corments provide The ocean number of by to home the shepherds luck.

White are their craes, and blue

Raymes divide them through, And like a violet shell their cliffs recede from might ,

Buth sen then fretted capes

Fresh isles in lovely shirters

Die on the horizon pale and lapse in bould light

Past that dam stratemed shore,

The Arrive mother bore The boy she brought to Zens, pledge of the golden fee,

Here Delos, hi e a cem. Still feels Lationas hem,

A lordier Nancs crowns a purplet are of sea

Hid from the sun's elear ere, And waiting still the lamp the hommer and the axe

And no who, pename, sees These nobler Cyclades

Forgers the ills of life, and nothing mortal lack

There more of Para n ha

B⁻¹ many an one, in vain Puts out across the main, Ar J thanks to loop on land and tread the magnitude of He comes for all his to'l,

He come for all he toll,

\sim recent to ther soll,—

The a can feeing on a fieleng still before.

So no contend, an II

The sorm wire high na chill

Pea on his salt, and b'out the beaven with choice.

fame as I well indeed be free.

Victor of effectes

Per it of the seach are Pathors whence he care

The poet sits and smiles, He knows the Golden Isles,

He never hopes to was their cliffs, their marble mines,

Reefs where their green sex rives,

The coldness of their cases,

Their felspars full of light, their rosy comlines

All these he oft has sought, Led by his travelling thought,

Thur glorious distance ludes no inward charm from him, He would not have their day

To common light decay,

He loves their mystery best, and hids their shapes be dim

They animate his strains,

Within their radiant glow he soon forgets the world, They bathe his formi moons

In the soft light of moons,

They have his lingering evenings tenderly empeared

As one who walks all day Along a dusty way,

May turn aside to plunge in some sequestered pool

And so may straight forest

His weamness and fret,--

So seeks the poet's heart those highlands blue and cool

Content to know them there,

Hung in the shaping oir,
He trims no foolish sail to win the hopoless coust,

His vision is enough

To feed his soul vith love,

And he who grasps too much may even hauself be lost

One day the well v orn gates

Of life will ope and send him westward our the v ave

Then will be reach ere night

To all of he delight,

He knows that, if he s arts.

s at the 3 m u t float entil they anchor in the grave

SUNSHING BEFORE SUNRISE

THE ice white mountains clustered all around us,

But aroun summer blossomed at our feet.

The perfutue of the creeping sallows found us

The cranberty flowers were sweet.

The reindeer champed the ghostly mess, and over
The spatisling peak that crowned the dim rain e
The sky was violet blue, and loved by lover
We dung and by hilf seen

Below as through the valley crept a river,
Cleft round an island where the Lap ricu lay
Its sluggish writer dragged with slow endeavoir.
The population process area.

The mountain snows away

One thin blue curl of wood smoke rose up single,—

The only sign of life the valley give,

But where the fern roots and the streamlets mingle

Out hearts were warm and brave

I's

My arm was round her small head sweetly fishioned, Her hight head shapely as a by scutth bell , So which were we that our hearts' impassioned

Twin throb was audible.

Alas I for neither knew the language spol on Amought the people whence the other came, A few biref words were all we had for tol on, And not each other's name

"My love is fure as this blue beer 'n about you."

I said —bru saw the let the meaning slip,

' fee viller Deer," I felt int the, "I live eq., ")

And onswered, lip to lip

Oh I how the fee let throlders of her boson.

I rat, b rd lile, engined to make in that embrace,

While blushes, like the light through some red blossom, Dj ed all her dewy face

There is no night time in the northern summer, But golden shummer fills the hours of sleep, And sunset fades not, till the bright new comer, Red tunnee, smites the deep

But when the blue snow shadows grew intenser

Across the peaks against the golden sky,

and on the hills the knots of deer grew denser,

And russed their tender cay.

And wandered downward to the Lap man's dwelling,
We knew our long sweet day was nearly spent,
And slowly, with our hearts within us swelling,
Our homeward steps we bent

Down rugged paths and torrents mid with foaming,
With chaging bands, we lostered, blind with joy
I thought a long life speat like this in roaming
Would never the or cloy

SUNSHINE BEFORE SUNFISE

And very late we saw before us, drawing, The rea roofed town where all her days had been,

The rea rooted fown where all her days nad been and half glamming,

The blue see, Becked with green.

th's weet is hie and sweet is yo th's young paison.

And sweet the first this on a guils warm cheel.

Since then we both have learnt in broken fashion.

Each other's torques to speak,

And many case and majors of fore and planate
Hare had their fragrant chapters on our hair,

1-1 man, hairs of elegant on electric

Have ready out lives soom fair,

I stempt for work where some en place to

I Menny Le ware where some an place a

In all hershoring caulogue of four,

As the one cay of elem ware ende acco

Among the canalesty florests

SONG

THERE'S a skell thrush sits in the apple tree
Whea it occurs all over with rosy snow,
And hark! how he opens his heart to me.

Till its immost hopes and desires I know i

Blow, wind, blow,

For the thresh will five when the bloom must go

O a frank I had, and I loved how well

And his heart was open and vang to mine,
And it pains me more than I choose to tell,

That he case, no more if I single or p as

Frend of more.

Cup the music fade out of love like thine !

SESTINA

Fra 1 in a re- mp arrando Danello Granten darm '=Pr mn? Ly for Property the land of late and rose Arrana creat mas ar of the fore of love.

Firs was a sestares to was his lady a heart tures she was deaf when simpler states he with And for her a le be bro e the bo do of thyme, And in h only less men, see hid h some

If his my lines and this hard the wor Mr. 1 1 th. or board at engine

I the interpresentation of the

I "rus on him that made her I in an above

And the a wild wood nighting ite he sang.
Who through in emblocifings to case his heart

It is not told it but unlossed bout the wicked by her poets free noe, Or if in vivi so approved his sing i

Perchang through cloud of drak concerns he suse. To nother heights, of philosophic lone

And crowned has later to us with sterner thyme

The thing slone we have the timple stigme Other who hand his was and presence have To all the crossing frames of late and love, there to the push of all its streng of mac.

Were to the united of all its stame of mose.

As some load mora of Newth may bear a race, —
The moness of a some it of dama is a unit

Smith of his weether there is the Freezhinin sing.
Of Lincolet and of Calabad, the ritigues
That bear so bloodid on it is core of rose.
It stirred the smeet Transcessor a gestale beart

To tal e that kiss that brought her so much wee And sealed in fire her marterdom of love

And Dante, fall of her immortal love Staved his drear song and softly fondly sung

As though his vorce heal e with that weight of woo And to this day we think of Amout a rhyme Whenever pity at the labouring heart

On fair Francesea's memory drops the rose

Ah sovereign Love form a this weaker thyme

The men of old sho sang nere great theart

Yet have ve too known wee and worn thy ro e

ON A LUTE FOUND IN A SARCOPHAGUS

WHAT curled and scented sun guis, almond cred, With lotor blossoms in their hands and hair, Have made their sworthy lovers call them four,

With these speat strings, when brutes were desided, And Memnon in the sunnse sprang and cried,

And love winds smote Buhartis, and the bare

Riank he asts of cars on Pasht reces od the prayer

This late has out-sing Egypt, all the lives

Of violent passion, and the east calm art That lasts m grante only, all he dead, This little bird of song alone survives, As fresh as when its flating smote the heart Last time the brown slave were it gardinded

Of suppliants bearing galls from far and wide !

201 4 7

SONGS FROM "KING ERIK! (1876)

Autumn closes Round the reses.

Shatters, strips them, head by head Winter pas es

O er the grasses Turns them yellow, beewn and red,

Can a loser E er teenver

When his summer love is dead? I et the s villour Turns to follow In the northward wake of spran-To refal on W .. ed pas on

With a sweep of his dark wine, As returning Love flies burning To those stricken has that any

11

I bring a garland for your head. Of blossoms fresh and fur. My own hands wound their white and red

To ring about your hair Here is a his, here a rose,

A warm parciasts that scorce blows. And fairer blossoms no man knows

So crowned and chapleted with flowers. I pray you be not proud . For after brief and summer hours

Comes autump with a shroud .-Though fragrant as a flower you he, You and your garland, bye and bye,

Will fade and wither up and die

SONGS FROM "THE UNKNOWN LOVER"

Sort she seems as flowers and des . Mild as skies in summer, But let old love change for new

(1878)

She'll wake with the new comer, All and each She will teach

In a frouged fishion ! Leopaus wild Fear this child

Roused to fire and pursuin a Cease to situle a trial a desire. Lann sour best en fersour .

You'll bet wrate your threats and me,
She will beed you never,
You may band
Storm and wind,
You may curb the occus,
But to vim

Woman's mad decotion

Chlor is false, but the fire in her eyes
Rouses her lovers with thousand sweet delusions,
Carlia is true, and, too true to be wine
Breaks, like a dream, all their amorous illus ons

Lovers are weak, and they ask not to know Alt that his under the rose leaves and the laughter, Wasdom may call, but to pleasure they go, Ceelsa they honour, but Chies they run after

WITH A BIRTHDAY GIFT OF WEBSTER'S PLAYS

Pour and Friend ' Paose while the hells of Time Ring out this great division of your days, And let the codence of these combre plays Be the grave echo of their silver chime . And as you alor ly up to glory climb. Nigh fainting in the lower thomy ways.

Take solact from the Cernal wreath of horse That crowns of last this wear, brow sublime

His was a cool whose culm intensity

Glared, shrueless, at the passion sun that blinds. Lablaced, till the storm of song store .--

Even as the patter" and Promethern sea Torres in sleep, until the valture wards Sycon down and tear the bream of us report

EROS

Withit a forest, as I strayed
Far down a sombre autumn glade,

I found the god of love,

His bow and arrows east aside,

His lovely arms extended wide.

A depth of leave, above,

Bereath o'exarching loughs he made

A place for sleep in misset shade

His lips, more red than any rose

Were hi e a flower that overflows

With honey pure and sereet,

And clustering round that holy mouth

The golden bees me eager drouth Plied busy wings and feet,

They been, what every lover knows
There a no such hone; bloom that blows

LUBECK

The lindens of the minster-elo Round to the city, still as death Nos gathered IR e a rore

We sat in Lubeck underneath

The great se I to er sprang over us Far up a dome of say ph to gloss More tast and dear a d luminos Then Engli he mm r tro

tame for my of the F etc. + breeze

She from in a charle out of some In I we never than glite I hen even Ande melthest. has 1 to

and, whirting low, a good-herd came,
And led his flock across the griss,
And then we saw a burgher dame,
Demurely smiling, priss

We sucked the juice from tangled skeins Of currents, rosy red and white, And in the wind the ancient sames Were creating out of sight

And little maidens, too, came by,

And shool their tails of flaven bair,

We held a conclase, small and shy, To taste our juncy fare,

Then, wandering down by mouldering towers.

We reached at last a little limit,
And there, among the pures flowers,

We read of "Atta Troll

How so cetly in the falling light The broad still tiver, like a most, Swung, with its water likes white, And vellow buds affoat !

> A bitle potter! but such moods Make up the sam of happy hours.

In unconcental solitudes

They come to us hi a flowers

So fay that afternoon to sleep

Among your correst paner-knots .-The hushed herbanum where you keep Your heart's forget me nots

Unscalled through b'earing fire unsuppotent, Singing for men, and his who hear by hour Stands in the imminent and splended shower Of God's affalgence, and being butly blent With the warm light and odour efficient

You may swarings and coole caused.

Not in our own land could my weakness much.

Your strength with homoge of my poor My day,—

The appliase of circling poets seared my sonig.

But here where twenty thousand thenders shock.

The volent rut for lengues of dran sea way.

Surely my heart may speak, nor do you wrong !

Outside Bereen Harbour Ave 1811

TO MY DAUGHTER TERESA THOU hast the colours of the apring, The rold of Lineaus trumohing,

The blue of wood bells wild But wanter thoughts the sport fill.

ind thos art wandener from us still. Too young to be our child

Yer have the fleeting smales conferred That doment much de stèd me !.

That home is rear at lat , Love I stud be's contenue for to Close by one done the serie is not. In the relief of the state of

The fourtains of these eyes, to catch
New Fracies bubbling there,
To feel our common light, and lose
The dush of strange othered hass
Too dun for us to share !

Fade, cold memorial lights, and make This creature human for my sake, Since I am nought but clay, An angel is too fine a thing

To sit behind my chur and sing, And cheer my possing day

I smile, who could not smile, unless The ur of rept successoussess Preed, with the fading hours, I joy in every children ago That proves the stranger less divine And much soon, meetly once I waite, as one by night who rees,

Through mut of rev's buided trees, The clear Open set,

> Are knows that soon the dawn will fix In fire across the riven sky, And gild the woodlands wet.

ALCYONE

SOLNET

PRG BUS

WHAT voice is this that walls above the deep?

PLCYONE

A wife's, that mourns her fate and leveless days

PHO.BUS

What lose feet buned to these water mays?

ALC: 0\f 4 husband s, hurned to eternal sleep

PHOERUS

Cease, O beloved, cease to wail and weep

ALCYONE

Wherefore?

PHOTBUS

The waters in a fiery blaze Proclaim the godhead of my healing rays

ALCYONE

No god can sow where free hath stood to resp

PHQ.BUS

Hold, wringing bands I cease, piteous tears, to fall I

ATCO COLE

But grief must rain and glut the passionate sea

PRICERUS

Thou shall forget this ocean and thy wrong,

And I will bless the dead, though past recall

MICTORE. What can't thou give to me or him in me?

PHEFAUS

gros m tigd a bar gots m sone A.

THE WELL

Like this cold and mossy fount Which forgets the sun at moon, Sees just stars enough to count,

And a vision of the moon,—

Where the lattle stems and leaves.

Round the edges of the v ell, Quiver, while the water grieves, At the tale it has to tell,—

Where your bright face, peering through

Two woft clouds of falling frut

Sees a dum and troubled tien.

Of it own dear beauty there....

Such my heart is , in it has Your dear image all day long, But his started with fears and sight, And its dimness does you wrong

PERFUME

WHAT caft for passionate lovers shall we find? Not flowers nor books of verse suffice for me, But spinters of the adorque cedar true. And tulls of pune buds, cory in the wind ,

Give me young shoots of momatic rind. Or samphire, redolent of sand and sea,

For all such fragrances I deem to be Fit with my sharp desires to be combined

Us heart is like a poet, whose one room,

Secretal with Latrian front and fine.

Dried rove leaves, and spilt atter, and old wine. From custamed mindows garbers its norm cloom Roard als bat one rwest picture, where incline Her thoughtrand fance, mureled with participa

LITTLE mistress mine, good bye I have been your sparrow true . Dig my grave, for I must die

Waste no tear and heave no sigh, Lafe should still be blithe for you.

Little mistress mine, good bie In your garden let me he,

Undementh the pointed yew

Dig my grave, for I must the

We have loved the quet sky With its tender arch of blue Lattic mistress mine, goodbye !

VILLANELLE

That I still may feel you mgb,

LOZ

In 3 our virgin bosom, 100, Dig my grave, for I must die

VILLANRLILE

Let our garden friends that fly Be the moumers, fit and few Lattle mistress were, good bye

Dig my grive, for I must die

1870-71

The year that Honry Regrould died,—
The sad red blossoming year of nar,—
All nations east the Lyre aside,
And guzed through current fingers far

At horror, waste, and wide

Not one new song from overseas

Cume to us, who had curs to hear?
The kings of Europe's munstelsies
Walked, bowed, behind the harrowing you
Veried, silent, ill at case,

For us the very name of man Grew hateful in that must of blood We talked of how near life began

To eviles by the eastern flood,

Flower garded in Japan

We dreamed of now delight begun

In palm-enerteled Indian shouls,
Where men are coloured by the sun,
And west out contemplative souls,
And varish one by one

We found no pleasure my more
In all the whirl of Western thought.

The dreams that worked our souls by for a
Were barst like bubbles, and we sought

house on a new shore.

The men who saing that gain was sweet
Smallered to sie the most of death
Storm in with retail it undersended

Storm 13 to h remail thandening free ,

The settlen in heard top not hear he

The songs of pale ematerite hours,

The fungus growth of years of peace,
Withered before us like mown flowers,

We found no pleasure more in these,
Whop bullets of It is also year.

For men whose robes are dashed with blood,
What joy to dream of gorgeous stairs,
Stained with the fortunen interlude

That soothed a Sultan's mudday prayers, In old days harsh and rude?

For men whose lips are blanched and white, With aching wounds and torturing thirs!, What charm in captus shot with light.

And pile with faces cleft and curst Past life and life's delight?

And when the war bid passed, and song Broke out amongst us once iga u, As birds ong fresher notes imong The sunshot woodlands after run, And happer tones prolong,—

So seemed at with the lync heart

Of human singers, fresher aims

Spring in the wilderness of art,

Serener pathos, nobler claims

On man for his best part.

The times are changed, not Schumann now, But Wagner is our music man,

Whose finites and trumpets throb and glow

With his, as when the world began

Its search the and flow

The great god Pan redesfied

Comes, his old kingship to reclaim

New hope, are spreading for and wade,

New hope, are spreading for and wide,
The lands were jurged as with a flame,

The year that Regressit then

Sir there for ever, dear, and lean

In marble as in ficeting flesh,

Above the tall error reeds that screen

For ever let the morning light

The river when the breeze is fresh ,

Stream down that for head broad and white And round that cheek for my delight Already that flushed moment grows So darl , so distant , through the ranks Of scented reed the over flows Still in surery to its villa a bante. But we can never hope to share Again that rapture fond and rare, Unless you turn unmortal there

DESIDERIUM

There is no other war to hold These were of mineled joy and pain,

Lake pos-amer their threads enfold

The journeying heart without a stimm,-Then break, and pass in cloud or des-

And v hale the costated soul goes through

Are withered in the pareling blut

Hold, Time, a butle while the class.

And, Youth, fold up those peacock wings ! Vore rapture fills the years that poss Than any hope the future brings

and some desire to hold to-day,

But I am stel for sesterday Since ver'erd's, the hills were blue That shall be gray for everyone,

and the f w san et was slot through With colour to or seen hell re! Tyrers to e smiled ye terday

Some for to morrow rashly pray,

And fort the terrors of his sway, But is a good again to day

Ab " who will give us back the past?

All I woo, that youth choid love to be
Like this word. Thinese that speeds so fisst
And is so fant to find the wea,—
That lense this more of shadow and sleep,
That encets down which blown blorsome error
For bread on of the homoless deep

Then set for ever, devr, in stoke, As when you turned such half a smile, And I will have this sake lone, And with a dustin my tears beguite, And with a dustin my tears beguite; And in my rewrite forget That stars and sums were made to set,

That love grows old, or eyes are wet

THE SUPPLIANT

I PNEATH the poplars o'er the sacred pool

The haloyons dart his e rays of azure light,i re presage 1 by the columns white and cool,
I B watch till fall of night

Lercheure the golders at the twilight's breath
Will come with offers feet nod braidless battle

So then at moon me by the farm I go,

The lottly garl who near the figures stends.

May turn a more on sporoful feet and slow.

Put hold a., both her hards

An I all too stattled to decree my death, Wall hearken to my prayer

THE HOUSELEEK

To G A A
GREEN household, whose fur fully love

Is my white dove,

Peer down from our clant tied roof and see
II in my garden my flower or true
Grows but for me 1

Else will I scatter yellow peas,
And at my case
Will woo thy soft companion to my feet,
And in the darkness of my sofe retects,

And shut her in a golden cage,
And mock thy rise.

Feel her heart beat.

THE HOUSELEEK

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Till thy red spikes of blossom day by day Beneath the wards and autumn sums decay, And fade away

Round housekel, squat upon the tiles "

For males and males

Thou canst give far and wide, look down for me And tell me what thy canning leaf our see Har'h though it be

The roses only line for pude ,

The hites d ed

Because the rough most troubled their pure balls ,

Deep down within the columbine's blue cells.

The jouques only breathe for God A foots op tool

The hopeful Lexical pursy down to death ,
The Lexical constituents the

Her men and its moss I reath,

Only the violet I trust Surely the must,

Being so sweet, so modest and so free, And knowing how I love her utterly, Be true to me?

O tell me houseleck, then must know,

Say, 15 1t so?

Then may thy done s pinl feet upon the caves

Perch all day long beside thy putient levves, While her throat greeces

MY OWN GRAVE

Inuta ed from Ros and Witten all my bies done Beneath the pleasant sun When gold are breath an I limb,

Ant eyes grown dim Refore the whole here are Grow dead to me prepare

A cover for my face A set by 17 co

he the erospler lid tomb,

" Of Dear fire Can F 1 10977 For blazzend ords In tile! The wor I for ...

In some sequestered spot. Apart, concealed, remote.

Blown round by multitudes Of breezy woods,

Broad si tes above my head Green turf my body's bed.

And, flowing by my side, A mer wide

There ket me too fomet All serrow, pam and fret.

Made one with flowers and trees. And blithe lil e thesa

Green spring, and supheht shed On summer s golden head.

Rich automo warm with light. And souter white.

Will bone, with vanous cheer

The sweet revolving year,

And I shall rest below

And scarce's know

rok

Yet haply when there shoots

Varch life is crabbed roots,

My heart shall wake to feel

It upword steal

The new fledged bade shall bring Me soloce when they sing, And sur the bought it it intel

Above my feet

And when the bers in time Hum dreamily of June While o er heaven on high

Soft clouds float by,

And in brown seather be I 1

By m_r, a this log eight Of mover 12 to The men will whistle too
Till twilight brings the dev,
Then leave the fallen gress
And homeward pass

Their singing, lon and sneet Vibration of their feet, The sense of youth again Will soothe my brain

With face and limbs and hair Dark on the misty air, They II pass my dreaming eyes When dwhight dies

An I e er September's wind The elim tree shide has thinned Wi en rust es droop, and reeds Shake out flieir seeds

When autumn sausets male
A glory through the brale

٥.

And down the woodland glades The amber fades.

Some maiden heut on fre, Shamed with her new desire. Just waked to passionate will, And trembling still,

Will come to hide her face With all its garlish grace,

Where shining waters lave My greenwood grave

Her yealth of shinner tress And glowing check will bles The cool fresh blades that start

Out of my heart There's tent, husbel alone

No fare to shome her ov n. She'll goe ber quoting breat

One boat of rest

SIY ON V GRALE

And I, perchance, who I now So well the weal or woe Of lave, and oft before Have taught its lote,

Through stress of love may gain Some skill to quell her prun, And send through blade and flower Some many power

Howe er at ba, I i non That lying there below, My quiet dust will stir With joy in her .

That all her youth will be Like noonday run to me, Her beauty like the sun Wher run a dane

Then let them shed no tear Who hold my memors deur,

MY OWN GRAFF 210

In woodland au

Hammed round by birds and fees,

To haunt the marmaring tree . When all this ble is done Peneath the sun

But pas, and leave me there.

EPILOGUE

It that disdam the sacred muse, Bew ure lest Nature, past recall. Indignant at that come, refuse Thee entrance to her audience half.

Bounce lest sea, and sky, and all That boys reflection of her face Le blotted with a bueless pall

Of uniform red cor, monplace

The moving heavens, in thythmic time

Roll, if thou watch them or refram The way is upon the chore of the me

Best, heedless of the loss or pun Not they, but thou, hast heed in vain If thou art deaf and demb and blad

Parched in the heart of morning rain,

-12

And on the firming alter numb

TPHOGE!

Ah ' desolete hour when that shall be, When dev and sunlight, rain and wind, Shall seem but towal things to thee, Unloved, unbeeded undermed,

Nas, rather let that moraing find. Thy molten voul exhaled and gone,

Than in a living death resigned

So darkly still to labour on

CHISMILA TRESS -- WHITTI GHAM A'D CO TOOMS COLFT, CHA CELY LAVE.